VOL. CCIX, No. 2721

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THE SPHERE, APRIL 5, 1952
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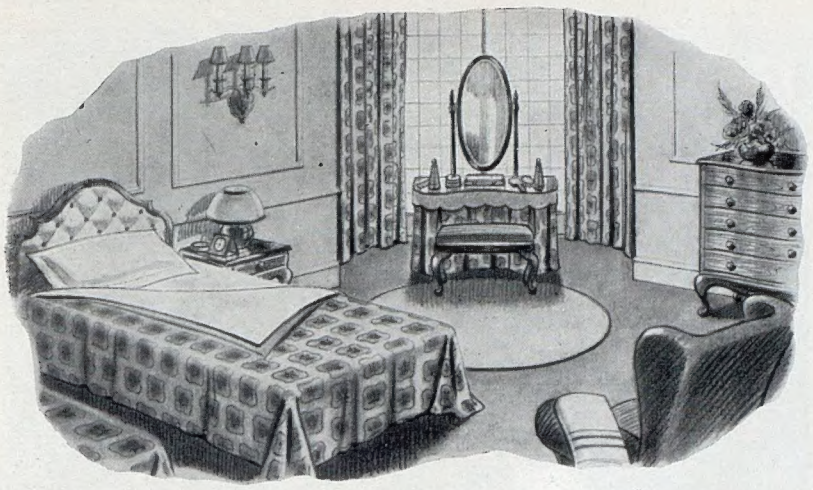

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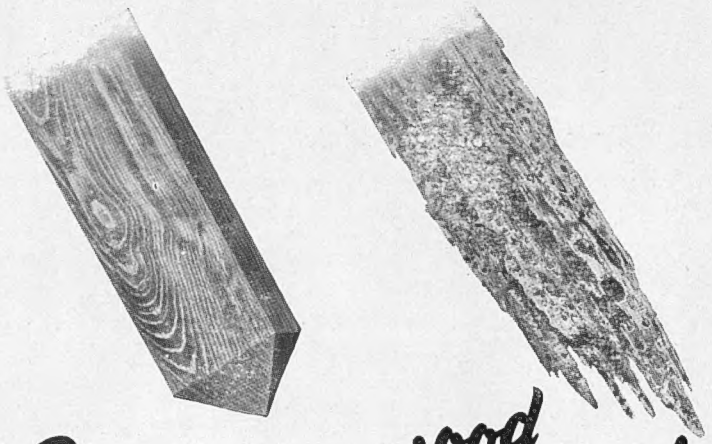

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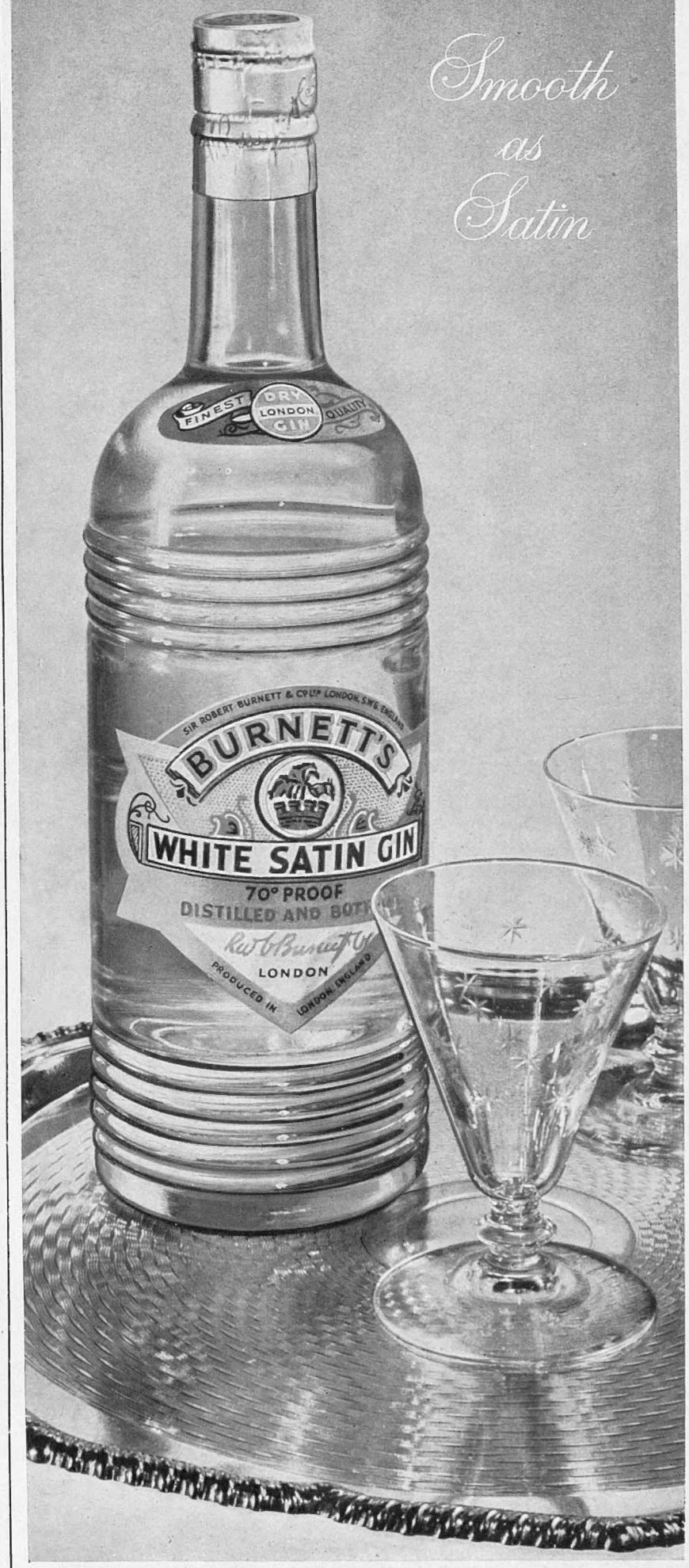

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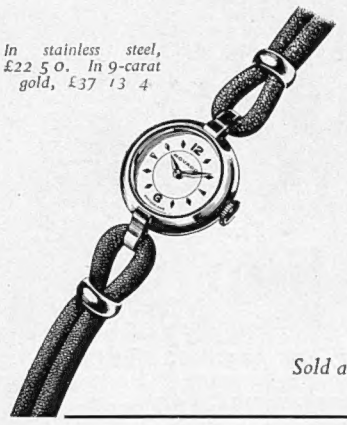

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Volume CCIX No. 2721 The SPHERE, London, April 5, 1952

The SPHERE

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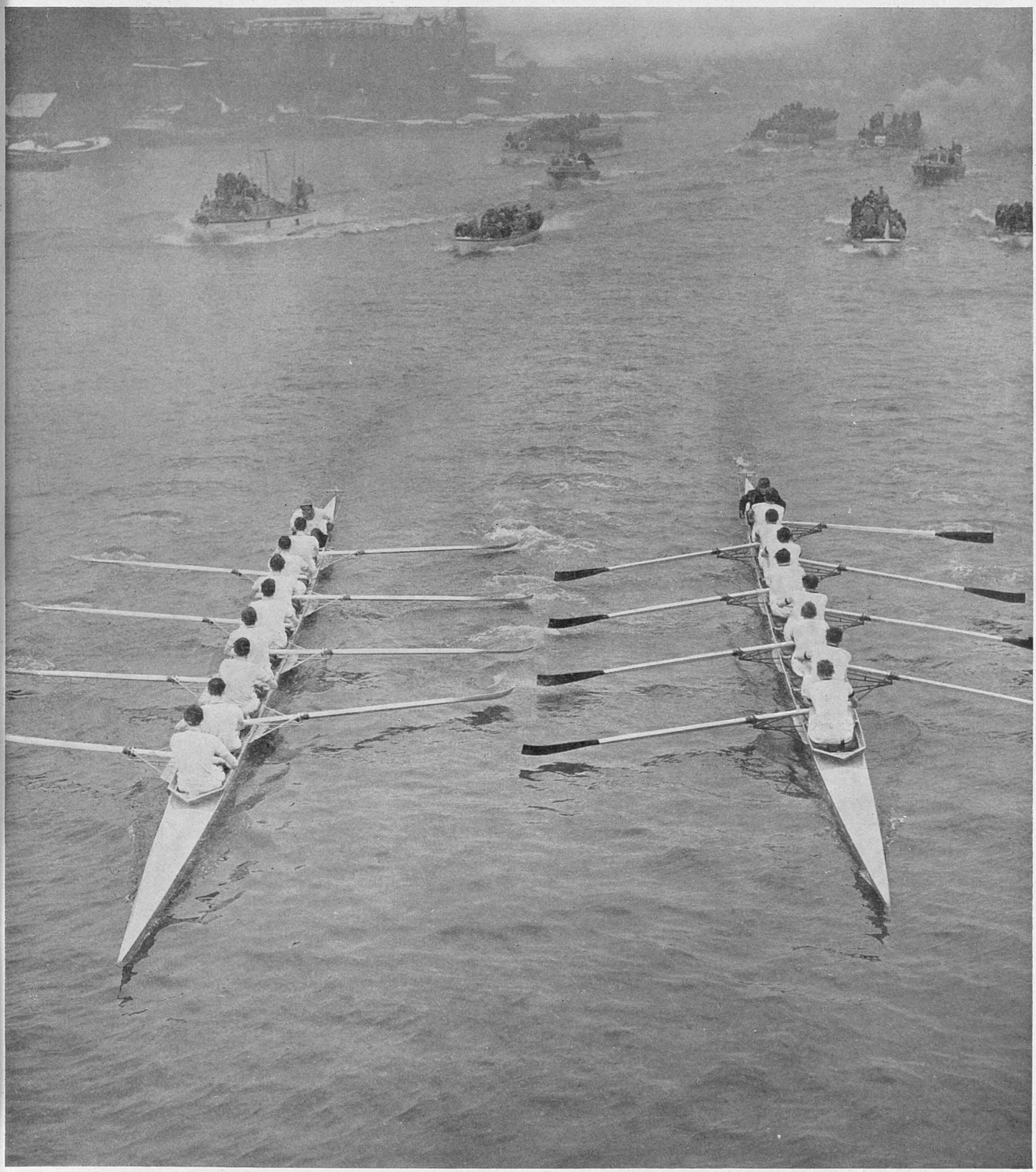

OXFORD WIN THE BOAT RACE IN A BLIZZARD—THE OARS OF THE TWO CREWS ALMOST TOUCH AS THEY APPROACH HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE: With a raging snowstorm, conditions were described as the worst in living memory, but the few hardy thousands who huddled along the course for the greatest free show in the sporting world thrilled to a struggle as keen as the weather. Over the 4¼ miles of the course, from just above Putney Bridge to Mortlake, there was never more than a quarter of a length in it either way, and Oxford (on right) won by a canvas—about 10 ft.

Under the severe and bitter conditions of a raging blizzard on Saturday, C. G. V. Davidge, the Oxford stroke, led his crew to a magnificent victory against Cambridge in one of the most remarkable Boat Races in history. The race was Davidge's indeed, for he was able to revenge his quarter-of-a-length defeat by Cambridge in 1949. Last year, in his second attempt, the boat first sank and then was beaten by twelve lengths. For the manner in which he held his fine crew together over the whole course and virtually forced them to victory, no praise can be too high. Nor was the Oxford victory the result of any shortcomings on the part of the Cambridge crew. The Light Blues were in the lead until they reached Chiswick Steps, and it seemed almost to the end that Cambridge would add another to their long line of successes. At the finish Oxford's lead of less than 10 ft. was perhaps the closest verdict since the occasion of the historic dead-heat, which occurred in 1877.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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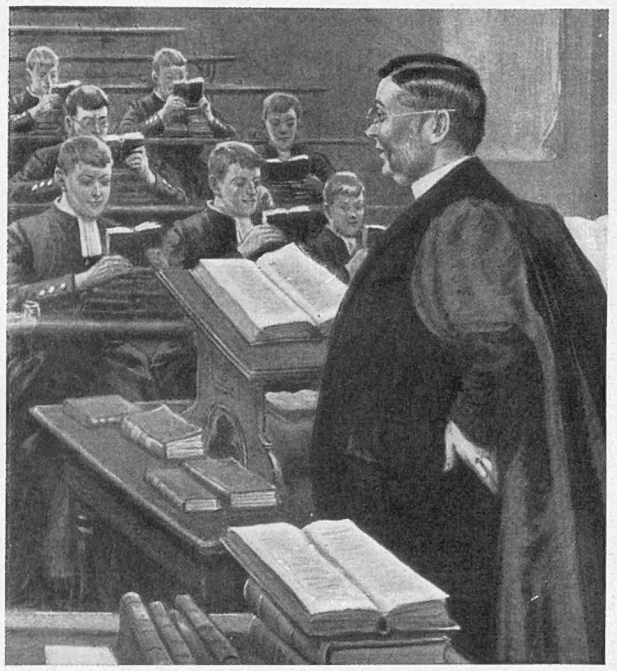
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



WHEN THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL MOVED TO HORSHAM: The headmaster of Christ's Hospital at the time of the School's removal from Newgate Street, the Rev. Richard Lee, is seen teaching a class during the 350th anniversary of the School's foundation. Christ's Hospital was founded in London by Edward VI in 1552 and moved to the new premises at Horsham after the Easter holiday of 1902.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

WILL EVEREST EVER BE CONQUERED?

By LIEUT.-COLONEL SPENCER CHAPMAN, D.S.O.
With Illustrations by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Malan and the S.A. Constitution.—

Dr. Malan's announced intention to give Parliament sovereignty over the Courts was answered by the Opposition with a pledge to contest "in the highest court in the land" any such legislative measure. I am not quite clear what that pledge means. It is South Africa's Supreme Court which has ruled invalid part of the Premier's racial segregation policy. The Opposition argue that that policy should have been submitted to the people, and that Dr. Malan's present intention to give Parliament henceforth sovereignty over the courts is an attempt to destroy the Constitution. The Supreme Court is presumably the highest judicial Court in the land, and it has already given its verdict on this policy of Dr. Malan's. It has ruled it *ultra vires*, and apparently under the Constitution, as at present established, that verdict is not *ultra vires* of the Courts. I am not therefore clear whether Mr. Strauss meant that the "highest court in the land" is the majority will of the people of South Africa. That will is presumably (constitutionally) expressed in Parliament, where at the moment Dr. Malan has a majority, but not a two-thirds majority in either chamber. I am not clear, further, in what particulars the S.A. Constitution differs from our own, and I do not therefore know how an Opposition would act constitutionally in like circumstances occurring in this country. There is perhaps something to be said for the legal opinion that the Supreme Court's decision does not detract from the sovereignty of the S.A. Parliament. But Mr. Strauss's argument appears to be that Parliament has no sovereignty over the courts and must not have it. It remains to pray that clarity may be reached by strictly constitutional means.

What It Boils Down To.—

The situation in South Africa is undoubtedly highly-charged with passions and dangerous to a degree, for unless Dr. Malan modifies or satisfactorily clarifies his intended procedure, it is not impossible that grave civil disturbance may any day break out. It is clear enough under South Africa's constitution that her Parliament is sovereign, and that the Courts are bound by the Statutes which Parliament enacts. Nor does the Supreme Court question that. What it claims is a duty to denounce a *false* or improperly passed statute. That which it set aside (it claims) should have been passed by a two-thirds majority of a joint session of both Houses, and not by a bare majority in each House severally. If Dr. Malan intends to alter the Constitution so as henceforth to deny to the Courts that right and reasonable function, and to do it without a two-thirds majority at a Joint Session, it would be tantamount to a Cabinet decision in this country to suspend Habeas Corpus or cancel it. Or so it seems to me. Dr. Malan, with his present majority, cannot do what he proposes constitutionally. It is improbable that he would gain the necessary majorities after another election. There is therefore at the moment colour for the belief that he designs a dictatorial constitution-breaking. Hence the danger from sparks in a powder magazine. Though the Speaker's decisions have not lessened the tension, I have a feeling, which I hope is sound intuition, that Dr. Malan will clarify his intentions in a way which will dissipate the Opposition's gravest forebodings.

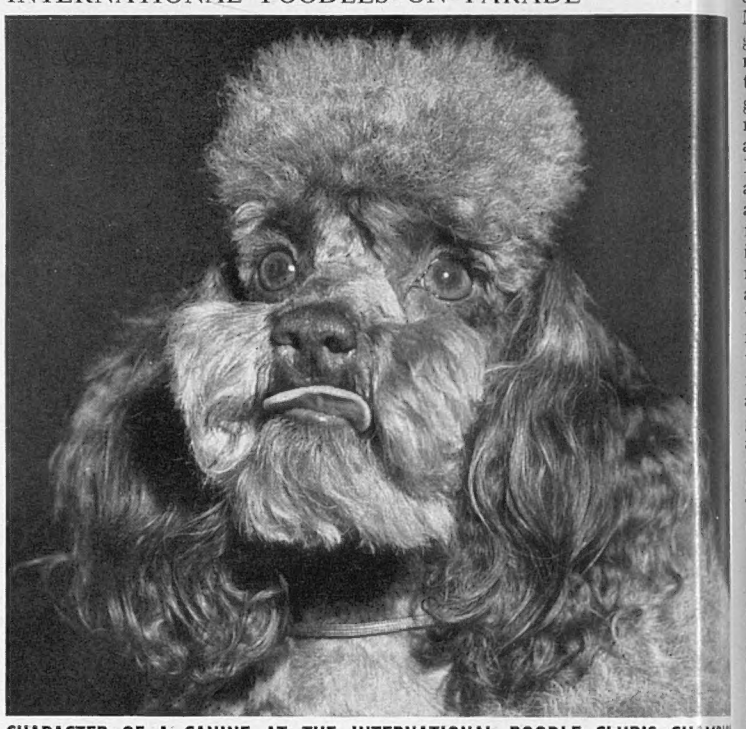
What the Butler Didn't See.—

Last year the Labour Government appointed Mr. Justice Danckwerts to adjudicate on the dispute between it and the B.M.A. concerning the pay of the doctors in the Health Service. That dispute has been going on bitterly since the scheme was launched, the B.M.A. arguing that the standards laid down by the Spens Committee of 1946, and accepted by the Labour Government, had not been implemented. Mr. Justice Danckwerts has issued his findings, and they present the Chancellor with a little "supplementary" of £40,000,000 to be found this year. Bang go his little "cheeseparings" on the Health Services. No doubt Mr. Butler allowed for some unpleasantness from the adjudication. The doctors' case was strong and reasonably clear. They were asking not for a rise but for the fulfilment of a standard long ago agreed as the basis for the Health Scheme. Whether he foresaw the full effect of retrospection to 1948 or underestimated the compromise figure of the adjudication, we do not know, but the announcement plays havoc with his economies and foreshadows a great deal more disputacious investigation and contention before a final settlement with the doctors is reached. In Parliament certainly the award came as a shock on both sides of the House. But the Opposition was estopped from making political capital out of it. It was the outcome of the *damnosa hereditas* which they handed on to their successors. The Health Service has not been paying its bills since 1948, and now that payment can be enforced, these little bills total up to a nasty figure.

A Mad World.—

I deplore the great number of incidents, given publicity in the Press, which shock my perhaps old-fashioned standards. These shocks have continually multiplied, and long since convinced me that our peacetime world is not only dangerous and bad, but mad as a hatter. In war any madness and badness are understandable, or, at any rate, passed over as the inevitable beastliness of the time. But seven years have passed since the last World War ended, and that long period should have given time enough for passions to cool and memories to mellow, and thug methods to become outmoded. Yet to-day, even in peaceful England, there is a new wave of crimes of violence, and very successful it is, and child cruelty is more rampant than ever. As I sit in my bus, I have come to study my fellow-passengers with an alienist's eye. They *look* innocent enough and reasonably virtuous as I pretend to be. But among them must be individuals who batter babies to death, crush in the skulls of old women or young girls for the poor contents of their purses and threaten to murder the most kind-hearted and innocent retired diplomatists unless they emigrate instanter. Has the border-line between sanity and insanity been permanently moved back much nearer Hell and Bedlam? For all I know, I may have sat next to a peer of the realm who, to prove a theory of the fordability of the Thames at Westminster, chooses to wade across it in March when he could have waited until August without bursting. Of course, you remind me of the Christmas Day uncertified Serpentine swimmers. Certainly lunacy is no new disease. I only claim that it is more widespread and less innocent than it was.

INTERNATIONAL POODLES ON PARADE



CHARACTER OF A CANINE AT THE INTERNATIONAL POODLE CLUB'S CHAMPION SHOW: Follysend Alexa of Petitbrun, owned by Mrs. Watson, of Middlesex, was one of the standard and miniature poodles taking part in the one-day show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London. The challenge certificate for dogs in the miniature poodles class was won by Mrs. J. K. Stevenson's Champion Figaro of Montfleuri, and the challenge certificate for bitches was won by Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Jerome's Desmouli Daphne. In the standard poodles class the two winners were Mrs. D. E. Botteley's Tophat Chevalier and Mr. A. Proctor's Tzigane Marelle.

Crime-Wave Again?—

Is it my imagination or is it the truth that in London and the Home Counties there is once more an abnormal wave of violent crime and a new triumph for burglars? Or is it neither the truth nor my imagination, but the great skill of the newsboys of Fleet Street who must every hour of the day produce a "news story" of a sensational kind? But facts are facts, and many facts build up into a tendency, little drops of water make a wave, and by simple arithmetic, adding together the admitted crimes of violence and the admitted successful burglaries and snatches and lorry-stealings of March, the plain man may fairly judge that it has been a bad month for law and order, and that the criminals, thugs and cat-burglars and desperadoes have been well on top of the police. Still the police are under-strength, still recruitment lags. Against that weakness, science has enormously improved devices for detection, if not protection. I cannot help feeling that the big men at the Yard have April headaches and that tiresome questions are being asked. At such a time of "crime wave," I deplore it that even one extra policeman should be sent to watch the impregnable Stone

Scone in the Abbey. It is no time for taking seriously a schoolboy's time-honoured joke. There should be a sense of humour on both sides. *That* precious stone is safe enough. The rascals are making free of others, too numerous to list.

A Dark Blue Apology.—I never mind admitting being *wrong*, especially if I am not bludgeoned into that admission. I have even gloried in being wrong, because that human characteristic perhaps lifts me up above the party politician who must never admit the possibility of being wrong. I was wrong about the Oxford crew. In a recent paragraph on the sheer guts and glory of those eighteen Blues who so long endured the rigours of the Tideway for a crown of bays, I suggested that the Dark Blues were especially glorious because their hopes of victory were not very great. The Dark Blues won one of the greatest races in the history of rowing by the skin on their teeth. When I wrote (I admit) I did not know the names of the crew, not being a rowing man. But surely if I had known that the hero of the day was a member of my own college at Oxford and that two of his crew were from my old school, I should have had a mustard-seed of that faith which gave them victory. I am glad to have listened to the broadcast (beside a bright fire), if only for the sheer enjoyment of the comedy of stuttering and repetition what time the B.B.C. launch broke down, for that was Mr. Snagge at his most glorious, the richest comedy of the eye-witness's running commentary.

Home of Lost Causes ?—Oxford is in the news—I do not refer here to sporting news—as the university *par excellence* of dullness, sobriety and devotion to study. No longer do useful bedroom crockeries adorn the statuary on Trinity Chapel or the Martyrs' Memorial, no longer do useful wooden seats go up in smoke in quadrangles. The boys burn the midnight oil indeed, but soberly among lexicons and text books. What a candle has Oxford lit for the guidance of the universities of the world. Sobriety is not the watchword of those in Egypt, Italy, Persia, and so forth. From Cairo and Teheran, Rome and Naples, and where not, the undergraduates issue forth armed to create disturbance and breaches of the peace, and even in Scotland undergraduates are capable of foolish, wild and ill-considered gestures. And Oxford is (or was) called the Home of Lost Causes. At any rate, she has found a cause worthy of her tradition and worth embracing at last. The cause of brainless trouble-making is a cause well lost and many a government on the world's face must hope, if it dare not voice its hope (its fear of being accused of lack of supra-nationalism), that its native universities might take a tip from the home of lost causes and settle down to growing-up. For Peter Pans can be expensive luxuries and dangerous politically, and boys who will be boys when they should be learning to be responsible men are no longer dismissed with a tolerant shrug and a cliché. They can become very efficient murderers and saboteurs under efficient and ruthless stooges and spielmen.

Leonardo.—I am glad to have seen the Leonardo da Vinci Exhibition at Burlington House. I should like to know that even 20 per cent. of all the young persons, pupils, students now at technical or other seats of learning had seen it. A lot have done so. I was caught up in queues of small girls and youths. For this versatile giant who lived five centuries ago teaches us beyond argument some of the oldest and tritest of our moral saws. That genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, that there is no new thing under the sun, that the laughter of fools or doubters heralds as often or not the admiration of posterity, that dreams do come true, to-morrow if not to-day, and finally that a man's work and dreams were never meant for his own aggrandisement but for all generations to come, of which he, though dead, is still a living part. This Leonardo exhibition is thrilling and touching and lifts one out of his rut. It gives us, if we will take it, a sense of proportion, laughs at our absurd claims for the brilliance and novelty and cleverness of *our* inventions and devices, for the greatness of *our* own age. You may see Leonardo's sense of humour in that curious and glaring composition, "Leda and the Swan" (with its little human quadruplets pecking their way out of a couple of swan's eggs). You can see the latest modern child's puzzle in use 500 years ago, observe the latest notebooks and pocket-books to be mere clumsy cribs of the patents of the fifteenth century. But you will not see in the modern notebooks such evidence of infinite pains, humility, determination to learn and apply knowledge as in Leonardo's. He did not rely on the film, the B.B.C. and all other potted knowledge. He didn't even invent them. He was a wise man. And he lives and laughs at us all to-day in Piccadilly.

The Common Cold.—It is uncommon cold as I write, but icy winds are not directly a cause of the common cold. That is about all the advance we have made in research into the causes of that pestilent evil. The team of scientists (and their human guinea-pigs) who have for long been conducting experiments at Harvard Hospital, Salisbury, under the ægis of M.O.H. and M.R.C., have confessed failure to date. They have provided fodder for several "interesting papers," but the common cold is neither scotched nor killed. "Anti-histaminic drugs are no prophylactic against the common cold." So far and no farther. The guinea-pigs, isolated in an uninhabited island off the north of Scotland, endured in vain. The organism remains elusive. It refuses to be isolated. It cannot be cultivated. Science does not win every event.

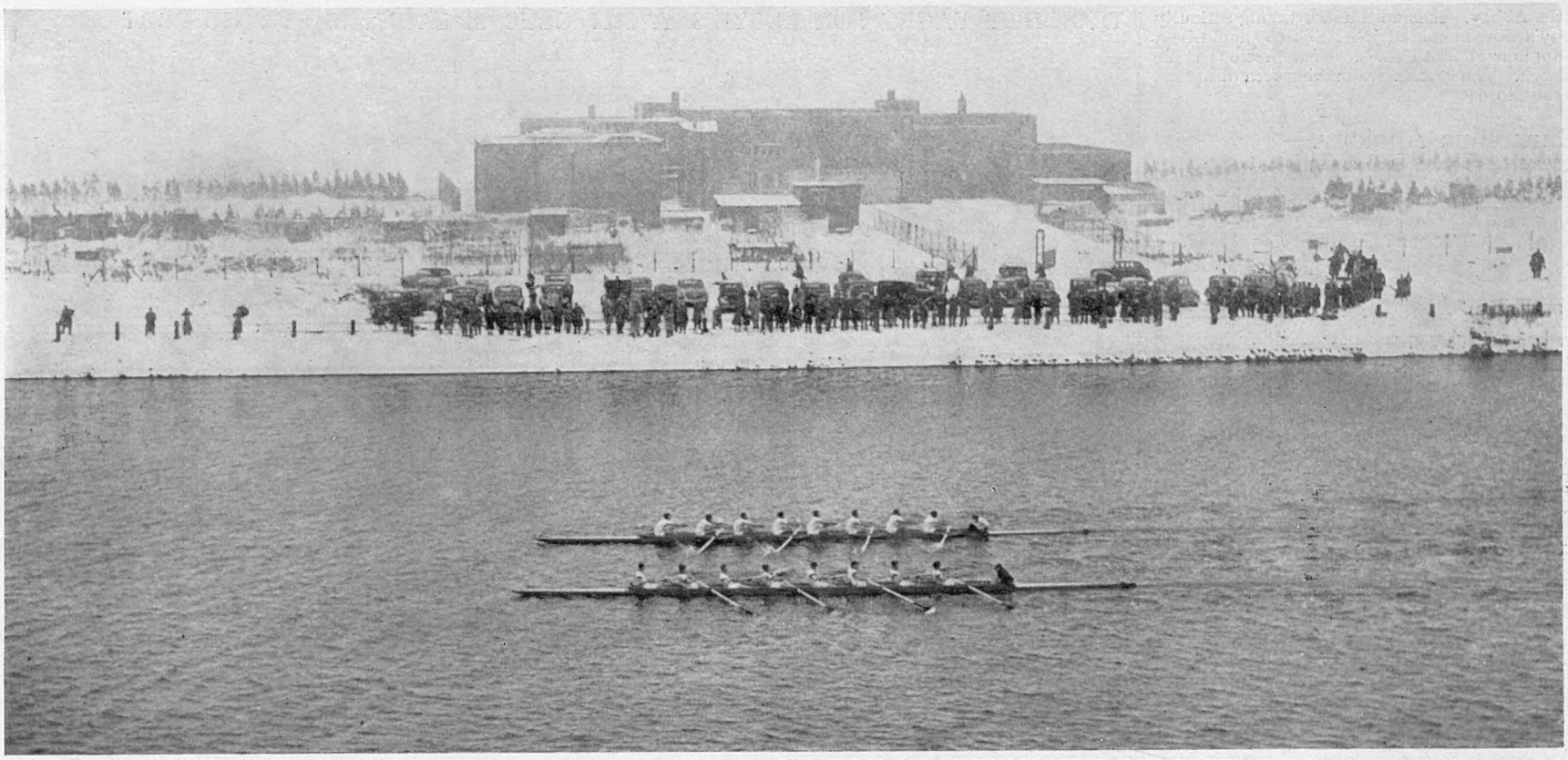
THE OLD STAGER

THE FIRST YACHT FOR LLOYD'S YACHT CLUB IS LAUNCHED AT GOSPORT

"LUTINE," THE OCEAN-RACING YACHT WHICH IS TO TAKE PART IN THE BERMUDA RACE, ENTERS THE WATER AT CAMPER AND NICHOLSON'S YARD IN HAMPSHIRE: The naming ceremony of the new 60-ft. racing yacht was performed by Mrs. A. J. Whittall, wife of Lloyd's Yacht Club's Commodore. Designed by Laurent Giles and Partners, the *Lutine* is of composite construction, with steel frames, mahogany top-sides and teak bottom planking. Her deck trim and internal fittings are of cedar. She is 42 ft. on the waterline and her sail plan can be modified for racing under either Royal Ocean Racing Club or Cruising Club of America rules. The sails for the yawl-rigged vessel have been made by Ratsey and Lapthorn. In May, Mr. A. J. Whittall will ship the boat and a ten-man crew in the Cunard steamer *Alsatia* to New York for a month's working-out, preparatory to taking part, as one of the main British entries, in the 650-mile New York to Bermuda race. The yacht is also to take part in the transatlantic race from Bermuda to Plymouth in July.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL SHRINE FOR METHODISTS

THE CHARLES WESLEY GARDEN OF REST IN THE HIGH STREET AT MARYLEBONE, LONDON, WHICH WAS DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF STEPNEY LAST SATURDAY: In this new garden, designed by Mr. Louis de Soissons, the memorial to Charles Wesley, who often worshipped at the church, will have a permanent place for all time. The garden has been laid out on the site of the old Marylebone Parish Church and cemetery. The scheme for the new garden, which replaces an old playing ground, is the result of a plan first conceived by the Rector of St. Marylebone, the Ven. H. J. Matthews. With the help of the Marylebone Borough Council a group of Methodists and the St. Marylebone Society, the Wesley memorial has been re-erected in a more prominent position, the High Street has been widened and the garden enclosed within handsome railings. After last Saturday's dedication service, held in the parish church because of the inclement weather, the garden was declared open by Viscount Portman.

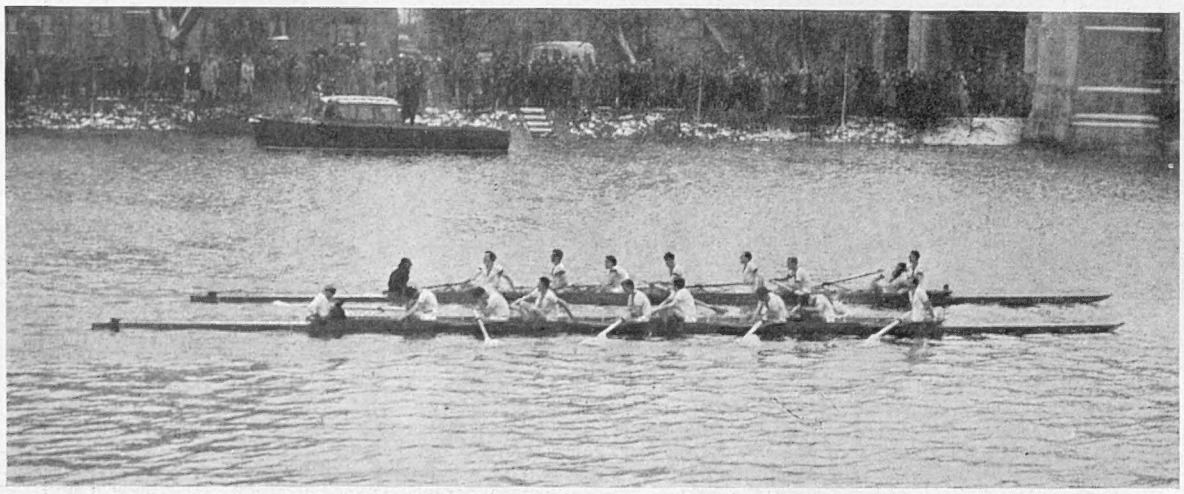


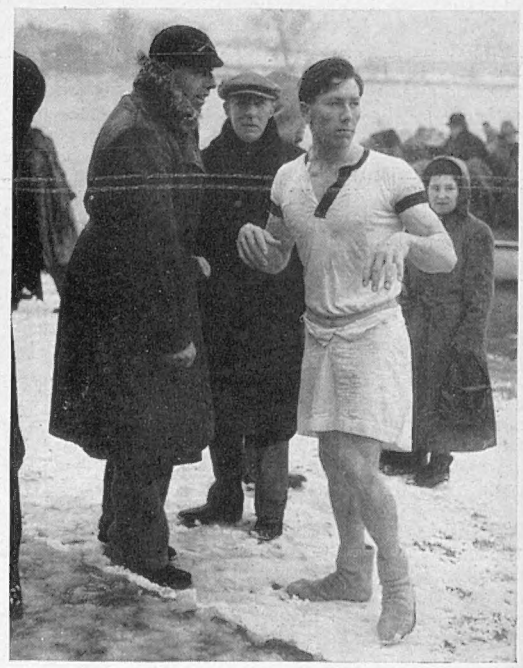
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS ALMOST LEVEL AS THEY PASS MORTLAKE BREWERY NEAR THE END OF THE COURSE: While the sparse groups of spectators on the bank bear witness to the severity of the weather, the two boats, with Oxford nearest the camera, approach the end of their Homeric struggle along the 4¼-mile course. There was never much more than a few feet in it either way at any time, and on the last lap Davidge, the Oxford stroke, drawing a magnificent response from his men, pulled away to a win of about 10 ft. from the tiring Cambridge crew.

THE FINISH OF THE BOAT RACE

Oxford's Win by a Canvas in a Raging Blizzard

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT THE FINISHING-LINE—THE END OF A GREAT BOAT RACE: Huddled against the biting wind in overcoats and mufflers the newspapermen and officials watch Oxford's final spurt in a victory as exciting as "The Boat Race of the Century" in 1949. In the last few hundred yards Oxford seemed to gain fresh strength as they saw victory within their grasp and pushed the rating up and up, striking about 36-37 as they finished.





THE EXHAUSTED CREWS REST AFTER THE FINISH: Oxford's time of 20 mins. 23 secs. was amazingly good, in view of the weather. Their success broke a run of five defeats in a row and brought the number of Oxford wins up to 44. *On right*—C. G. V. Davidge, the Oxford stroke, with H. R. A. Edwards, coach of the Oxford crew, after the race.

THE DARENTH VALLEY, NEAR SEVENOAKS, IN KENT, DURING LAST SATURDAY'S GREAT BLIZZARD: This view, taken from Polhill, was typical of the countryside in Southern England after the snowstorms which created havoc on the roads. The temperature was the lowest in late March for eighty-one years as recorded at Kew. The wind rose to 66 m.p.h. at Ronaldsway (Isle of Man); 63 m.p.h. at Birmingham and 61 m.p.h. in the Scilly Isles. Severe gales blew round the coasts, the worst of which occurred in the southern areas of the North Sea and in the English Channel. In some places the snow-drifts were 12 ft. deep and several villages were isolated. Roads, according to the A.A., were the worst since the great freeze-up in the early days of 1947.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

SOUTHERN ENGLAND SUFFERS ITS WORST WEATHER IN LATE MARCH SINCE 1871

A BUS OVERTURNS ON THE ICE AND SNOW-BOUND ROAD AT BARMING, NEAR MAIDSTONE, IN KENT: Hundreds of passengers were stranded in coaches and cars, and over seventy main roads were blocked by snow-drifts, fallen trees and telegraph poles. Many were forced to spend the night in stranded buses and cars.

A SNOW-PLOUGH IN HYDE PARK: The centre of London was thickly blanketed in snow and many minor road accidents occurred. *On right*—**CASUALTIES OF THE STORM AT KINGSDOWN, IN KENT:** Some of the many vehicles which were stranded. In the background, a snow-plough is at work, slowly clearing the road.

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BACK TO NORMAL AT ISMAILIA : Egyptians gathered outside the Arab town sector awaiting permission to return and take up residence. The British evacuated them during January, and sealed off the sector by barbed-wire for general security reasons and in order to assist the task of combing out the terrorists.

A Foreign News Commentary

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad With Notes

By Ferdinand Tuohy

On left—

Ismailia, Hub Town of the Canal Zone.—The Muezzi again calls the faithful to prayer from the Mosque call "Snipers'" which rises above the most treacherou quarter of Ismailia. This means the British have le and that the Egyptians have returned to their hom after two months.

The European quarter of this hub town in the Can imbroglio has been replaced within bounds from noo to 6 p.m., and many European civilians have seized th occasion of the troops' unarmed strolling, to return aft five months.

On the debit side, a strong feeling of Anglophob has returned consequent on the sad state of the low habitats evacuated in the bad quarter. Troops will troops, especially in a corner of treachery; but the were other—Egyptian—reasons, too.

"But we don't expect any real flare-up unless th Government in Cairo changes."

Pending May elections, Cairo governs in this are under martial law.

THE BATTLE FOR TRIESTE IS ALSO WAGED IN ROME : A great throng in the Via Tritone taking part a student demonstration for the return of Trieste to Italy. The Roman students were watchi closely events in the Free City, where four days of rioting took place on the third anniversary the Allied pledge to restore Trieste to Italy. Many were injured on the fourth day of the Trieste riot

AMERICA'S AMBASSADOR TO DENMARK VISITS GERMANY : Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, one of America's two leading lady envoys, seen at Garmisch with her husband. They also visited West Berlin, Munich and Bonn during this recent holiday in Germany.

Ambassador Anderson.—Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, U.S. Ambassadress to Denmark, has been on tour to Berlin, Bonn and Munich, finishing at Garmisch, which is much of an American winter-sports reserve.

Mrs. Anderson had been posted to Copenhagen for some time, when her colleague, Mrs. Perle Mesta, got Luxembourg. The latter actually did have occasion to say "Call me 'Madam'" right at the beginning of her embassy. Unlike Mrs. Mesta, Mrs. Anderson has a young family with her. Yet "Mrs. Ambassadress" sounds impossible, and "Mr. Ambassador" makes nonsense—although women call themselves "chairman"!

Mrs. Anderson prefers "Your Excellency." President Truman thinks a great deal of her (he would have more ambassadresses if he could find them and the vacancies). A recent job she had was to calm the Danish Foreign Office, which had revolted at Danny Kaye being cast as Hans Andersen by Sam Goldwyn.

THE ARRESTED TUNISIAN PRIME MINISTER : M. Chenik, who has been arrested by order of the French Resident-General in Tunis. M. de Hautecloque, the Resident-General, declares that M. Chenik, by sending two of his Ministers to Paris to complain against France to the United Nations, had from the very day of the new Resident's arrival adopted a thoroughly aggressive attitude.

Trieste, the Heart-Cry of a Nation.—Flare-ups must be accepte as part of the normal run of a cold war. But the flare-up at Trie must have caused the middle-aged to utter "Bless my soul! San as in old D'Annunzio's day!"

Then the poet rose against the Versailles peacemakers and Pre dent Wilson in particular; and Trieste became the burning heart-c of all Italy that was not Communist; and led directly to twenty three years of Fascist dictatorship.

Italians are again fuming at their Allies, over Trieste. The suspect that the Three-Power Declaration in favour of Trieste a some adjoining territory being returned to Italy, is sagging consequence of the necessity to humour Tito.

The Italians say the Allies had no right to use tear-gas, hos and truncheons on Italians—who are also Allies—in Trieste.

In retort, Britons were picked out for hostile demonstrations Milan and other centres.

What Italians brush aside is that Communism was behind th Trieste outbreak, egging on the neo-Fascist students to stage reminder of that 1948 Declaration. (Any inter-Allied quarrelling grist to the Communist mill, Titoist or other.) Italians might als bear in mind that British Military Government in Trieste has hither been looked upon as a model for an occupation by foreign troops

"It began as a students' rag," complain Italians. Precisely and the Rome Cabinet would do well to take a page from Kin Farouk and *close* universities whose students shove their half-baked over-emotionalised, exhibitionist selves into politics in such times as these. Goodness knows, students cost enough, what with the grants-in-aid and the rest. Let them keep to their studies.

CHARLES MAURRAS IS SET FREE : The French Royalist leader, now eighty-four years old, being interviewed by Pressmen after he left gaol. He was sentenced in 1945 to life imprisonment for collaboration with the Nazis during the German occupation.

Eminent Collaborator.—Charles Maurras's release from prison stirs faintly back to life an epoch now seeming almost as dead and gone as Paris of the '90's : the Paris political cockpit of the '20's and early '30's. The name of Maurras was then rarely out of print or vinegary harangue.

Along with Léon Daudet, Maurras led a wing of the Action Française group, which was far more Royalist than the Pretender, who, in the shape of the Comte de Paris, finally sent both clinging crusaders about their business. Maurras also had trouble with Pope Pius XI, who suspected his Catholicism.

Maurras was a very deaf, one-track, brilliant old son of Provence, who out-scathed all latter-day French scathing, both in writing and declamation. He hated the Third Republic.

THE FIRST PRIVATE ATOM FURNACE : This small concrete building, resembling a wayside shrine, will hold the first private atom-splitting furnace, at North Carolina State College, Raleigh, North Carolina. It will sit on a concrete platform in the basement of a big laboratory to be built around it. The octagonal concrete structure is only 10 ft. high and 17 ft. wide. A 20-ft.-wide corridor will be built around it for working at the reactor faces. Outside the corridor will be a large observation room for students and the public. The actual furnace, which will be small, will be well protected to keep its rays from harming workmen.

LEFT HANDS ACROSS THE SEA! Delegates from the Labour Party's National Executive left London last week to meet representatives of the French Socialist Party and to discuss common problems. They are here seen at the Socialist headquarters in Paris. On the left Mr. Morgan Phillips, British General Secretary, is seen with Dr. Dalton. At the head of the table is M. Mollet, the General Secretary of the French Socialist Party.

Dr. Dalton in Paris.—Time was when leading British Socialists went to Paris, expecting their French opposites to concur in Labour Party views on this, that and the other. Dr. Dalton used to tread heavily, in particular. He decided Europe should be modelled on British Socialism, through other, foreign Socialist parties.

Returning to Paris in 1952 for a conference with French Socialists on German rearmament, Dr. Dalton found that the views of the Labour Party, and of himself especially, no longer keep French Socialists awake at nights.

Their leader, M. Guy Mollet, is precisely what Dr. Dalton is not, namely, an ardent European, and one ready to join sincerely with other parties, equally aiming at union for Western Europe. M. Mollet does not say "Be like me, or I shan't play!" He will work with anyone, if the goal be identical.

In Paris, Dr. Dalton differed not only from the French on the form of German inclusion in a European force—he also found himself out of harmony with Mr. Morgan Phillips, presumably Mr. Attlee's mouthpiece.

One-third of the Dalton delegation was Bevanite, namely, Mrs. Castle. Mr. Bevan's declaration that American economic policies have done more damage to Europe than Stalin could ever do, is treated as "pas sérieuse" by French Socialists, who are, perhaps, unaware of the extent to which Mr. Bevan's contorted mouthings find support in Britain.

The Labour Party is about to publish a discussion pamphlet on foreign affairs. There does seem to be a thing or two to thresh out.

HONOURING THE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE ARGENTINE : Evita Peron presenting a pennant to one of the winning teams after a recent tournament at Luna Park, Buenos Aires. The championship is known as "the Evita" after the President's wife. Senhora Peron appears to have made a good recovery from her recent illness, when prayers were offered for her in the churches of Argentina.

HOLLYWOOD CONTRETEMPS : Margaret Truman, daughter of President Truman, turns her back on the blackboard where, blindfold and under the direction of Jimmy Durante, she had added strokes to a series of horizontal lines, thus unwittingly forming the sentence "I Like Ike." On seeing what she had done Miss Truman immediately erased the letters, declaring "I won't dare go home to-night." Miss Truman was taking part in a nationally-sponsored Hollywood television programme.

Eisenhower for the White House.—What happens if the Truman family likes Ike too?

Well, it is happening.

First of all came President's Truman declaration of 1945, drawn back into the light of day : "General, there is nothing that you may want that I won't try to help you get. That definitely and specifically includes the Presidency in 1948."

Words spoken in the flush of victory; yet Mr. Truman now says the promise still holds good—all except helping Ike to get the Republican nomination *in 1952*. But the President likes Ike so much that he thinks him "a grand man."

And what of daughter Margaret? Why, Margaret, who is second only to her father in nation-wide publicity value, has been completing letters on a blackboard, when blindfold, that read I LIKE IKE to tens of millions of TV addicts, though at Jimmy Durante's dictation. Mrs. Truman was thinking more about the move back to the White House than about Ike, but she liked him too.

How long would they stay in the White House—eleven months till March next, or until 1957?

Quite unexpectedly, the President supplied the answer. He had his reasons for not standing again, such as the rebuff in New Hampshire which preferred Senator Kefauver, the Democrat who laid bare the scandals brushing the Truman Administration. But indubitably his liking for Ike, and for Ike's views on foreign affairs, which so resemble his own, greatly influenced Mr. Truman's action. *He believes Ike will win.*

THE SWEDISH ROYAL VISIT TO COPENHAGEN

KING FREDERICK AND QUEEN INGRID RECEIVE KING GUSTAV AND QUEEN LOUISE

King Gustav of Sweden has marked the second year of his reign by paying two important State visits to his neighbouring Scandinavian countries. The first of these visits was to Norway, the King and Queen of Sweden arriving in Oslo on March 10.

The second visit was to Denmark, and the same elaborate welcome was repeated in the streets of Copenhagen, which is not generally accustomed to pageantry on this scale, King Frederick and Queen Ingrid usually going among their own people in the most informal manner possible, visiting shops and places of entertainment and as far as possible living the same kind of life as their fellow-citizens. One of the outstanding events of the visit was the banquet at the Christianborg Palace, in which the two Kings drank toasts to Scandinavian unity.

This year marks the seventieth birthday of King Gustav, the last ruler of the house of Bernadotte, which is descended from the Napoleonic Marshal, the Prince of Pontecorvo. It is apparent that the new King is losing no time in addressing his energies to the creation of a spirit of Scandinavian unity. His father before him showed a sustained reluctance to visit his kingly neighbours, a point of view traced by some people to the Norwegian secession. Problems created in the war years have somewhat exacerbated the situation, and to-day it must be said that a great deal of royal tact will be needed if a true Danish, Swedish, Norwegian entente is to be achieved.

DRIVING THROUGH COPENHAGEN TO THE AMALIENBORG PALACE: King Frederick of Denmark (nearest camera) and his guest, King Gustav of Sweden, receiving a friendly welcome in the Danish capital shortly after the latter's arrival on a three-day State visit. A detachment of Hussars of the Royal Guard escorted the two Kings, providing Copenhagen with one of its occasional glimpses of Royal pageantry, as compared with the usual informality of Royal occasions in Denmark.

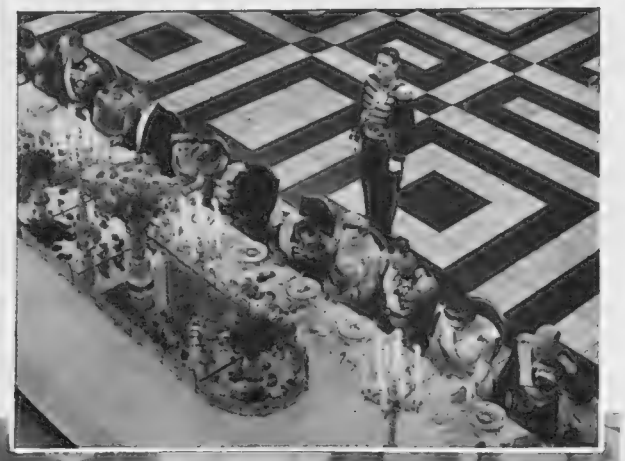
KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN SALUTES IN RESPONSE TO THE CHEERS: The King of Sweden acknowledging the greetings of the crowd as he drove through the streets of Copenhagen beside King Frederick of Denmark.

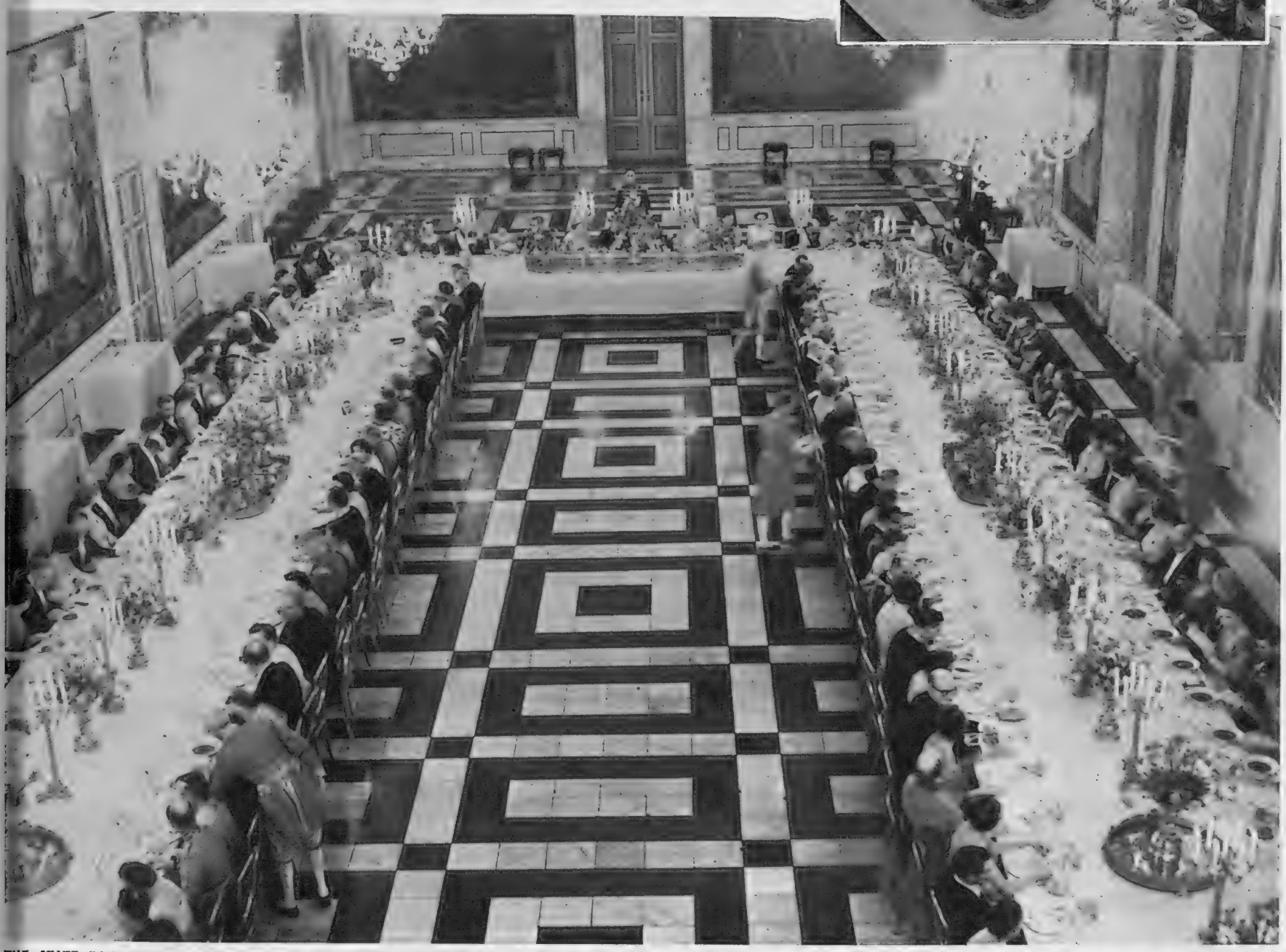
THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO DENMARK, SIR ALEC RANDALL, IS GREETED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN: Sir Alec was one of many members of the Diplomatic Corps received by their Majesties. Sir Alec has had a long association with Denmark, in the '30's as First Secretary and since 1945 as Minister and latterly as Ambassador.

THE OFFICIAL GROUP—THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AND THEIR GUESTS, THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN, AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE: Queen Ingrid of Denmark was born a Swedish Princess, being the only daughter of King Gustav. She was born in Stockholm in 1910, and her marriage to the future King Frederick took place in Stockholm in 1935.

KING FREDERICK AND QUEEN INGRID ARRIVE FOR THE STATE BANQUET: The King and Queen passing the guard of honour which was mounted at the Christianborg Palace.

ARRIVING FOR THE GALA DINNER AT THE CHRISTIANBORG PALACE: King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden passing the guard of honour drawn up in the main entrance to the Palace. *On right*—THE STATE BANQUET: King Gustav is seen talking to Queen Ingrid. King Frederick and his brother, Prince Knud, are seen seated on either side of Queen Louise of Sweden.





THE STATE BANQUET AT CHRISTIANBORG PALACE—THE SCENE IN THE BANQUETING HALL WHERE 165 GUESTS WERE SERVED: The Christianborg Palace rises in the Slotsholm or Palace Island, on which the fortifications of Copenhagen were begun in 1168. The original Palace was built by Christian VI in 1735-45. It was destroyed by fire in 1884, and in 1907 it was again restored. The Amalienborg Palace came into the possession of the Royal family after the burning of the Christianborg Palace.

THE WAR, THE POLECAT AND THE PINE MARTEN: *Creatures of the Wild Saved from Extinction*

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE news that a polecat had been trapped in County Durham while raiding poultry sent me to my natural history books to see if there was any other record of the animal's occurrence in that county in recent years. There was not. The polecat, all the books will tell you, is almost extinct in Britain. There are, the books say, some in the Highlands of Scotland, a few in the more remote valleys of the Lake District, rather more, perhaps, in North and Central Wales. They survive, says the best of these natural history books, "in yearly lessening numbers." That was the simple truth at the time when that book was written, which was just before the outbreak of war in 1939: it is far from the truth now.

But it is the pre-war situation that most people (and certainly most of the experts) seem to keep in mind. If you were to say that you had lost poultry to a polecat or that you had seen a rabbit on your ground that had been killed by a polecat, and you happened to live in a district less remote than the bogs of Cardiganshire or the corries of Wester Ross, you would be greeted by the expert with the politely raised eyebrow and the courteous suggestion that the poultry was the work of a fox, that the rabbit had been killed by a ferret.

This is the sort of thing that makes an averagely knowledgeable countryman yammer with rage. Most countrymen know only too well what the work of a fox in a poultry-run looks like—and it does not look in the least like the work of a polecat. Most countrymen know a good deal about ferrets, and handle them quite often—not a few breed them, of course—and would recognise the work of a ferret at a glance. Nor is the suggestion that a polecat-ferret might have been responsible likely to commend itself to any countryman of experience.

The idea that the polecat-ferret is a straight cross between a ferret and a polecat is very widely held, but happens to be quite untrue. The ferret is itself an albino of some species of wild polecat, possibly the Asiatic polecat but certainly not the British polecat. Ferrets have, of course, often been crossed with wild polecats, and the first cross is, of course, a polecat x ferret. But this first cross is not worked. The cross is fertile, and it is from the mating of crosses that the polecat-ferret, the dark working ferret, is derived. In any case, the polecat-ferret does not look like a wild polecat.

I sympathise with Mr. Eric Parker, who has, I suspect, suffered a little of the raised-eyebrow-treatment with ferret suggestion. Mr. Parker is a countryman of vast experience and a very good field naturalist, too. During the 1914-18 war he saw a polecat near Chilworth, in Surrey, and during the same war saw the work of polecats on rabbits in the woods near his home. Writing of the Chilworth occurrence, he says: "Polecat-ferrets I know and have often handled, but this was a different animal. . . . I remember to-day the glint of sunshine on the long hairs of that black-and-copper coat." I, too, have seen wild polecats (though never in Surrey, only in Wales), and I, too, have handled many polecat-ferrets. Mr. Parker is absolutely right; they are different animals. The suggestion that anyone who has had experience with polecat-ferrets, and then saw a wild polecat, could mistake the two is farcical.

But the interesting point about these Surrey polecats is that they may have turned up again. Mr. Parker, when he wrote of that Chilworth polecat and those dead rabbits near his home, did not think that he would ever again record the polecat from the Surrey woodlands. But in his new book, *Surrey Naturalist*, he says that he has seen unmistakable evidence of two: one on December 6, 1947, and another on November 20, 1949. I quote: "In each case the adventure—for that, in the South of England, it still is—was the same. Looking out of my window I saw lying on the lawn a dead rabbit. It was picked up, a full-grown rabbit between 2½ and 3 lb., and the manner of its death was plain. It was still warm, and the neck and lungs had been torn out, a sight I had not seen since 1914, when my gardener found four rabbits killed in the same way."

Mr. Parker, very fairly, points out that Miss Frances Pitt, in her new edition of *Wild Animals in Britain*, suggests that polecats reported to-day, except in Wales, "nearly always turn out to be gone-wild ferrets." Eric Parker has handled too many ferrets to mistake one for a polecat. Furthermore, as he very rightly points out, "how many ferrets could, or would, drag a 3-lb. rabbit across a lawn?" The answer is, as anyone who has had much to do with ferrets will know, "not one."

But, of course, the full answer to the gone-wild suggestion is that the ferret, when lost, cannot fend for itself and, if not found soon, dies. If this was not so, there would be a flourishing population of feral ferrets in Britain to-day!

I think that Mr. Parker has polecats in the woods near his home, and I hope that one day I shall have the thrill of watching a wild polecat in the woods of South-West Surrey. I do not think that this is as improbable as it might seem at first thought.

The polecat was on the verge of extinction before the last war because it was mercilessly put down by gamekeepers, and so could only survive in such wild and unkeepered places as Tregarron Bog and the inner crannies of the Scottish Highlands. Moreover, it did not need any great skill on the part of the gamekeeper, for the polecat is quite ridiculously easy to trap. The war saved it. Gamekeeping to all intents and purposes stopped. The polecat bred freely in Wales, and in Cumberland, too (but especially in Wales), established itself firmly and began to spread. It is not a common animal in Wales to-day, but it is certainly plentiful, and it has spread in no uncertain fashion. This is not surprising, for the polecat is a great traveller, and even in the days when it was being slowly exterminated in its own fastnesses, individuals used to turn up (usually in traps) in far-distant places.

In the post-war world gamekeeping is not nearly so thorough, and large areas of the country are virtually unkeepered (for example, Forestry Commission plantations), and this is particularly true of those stretches of country, such as may be found in Surrey, which are lightly built over. Deer live in the woodlands of the Surrey-Sussex-Hampshire border in fair numbers, and are practically undisturbed. Indeed, comparatively few people living in the area even know that there are deer in the woods around their houses. The polecat, it seems to me, is likely to flourish.

Then what of the other big member of the weasel family, the pine marten? Prior to the war, the pine marten was in an even more precarious position than the polecat. It occurred in one district of North Wales, in two or three places in the Highlands of Scotland, in South-West Ireland, and in one place in the Lake District, where a landowner carefully preserved them. (This Lake District family were regarded as imaginary by most naturalists, but during the war I had a skin sent me from Cumberland of a pine marten found dead by the roadside by an A.T.S. private on leave.) Only in South-West Ireland could they be said to be in any numbers at all, and even there were so uncommon that to see one was to write to the papers.

Yet even in those pre-war days pine martens would sometimes turn up in the most unlikely places. Mr. George Lodge, the famous bird-artist and a very fine all-round naturalist, saw a pine marten in the woods near Dorking in 1904. That was sufficiently astonishing

THE POLECAT RESURGENT: *Left*—Emerging from its lair amid the rocks. *Right*—Gazing inquiringly at the camera. The history of the polecat, or Foumart (this old English and Scottish equivalent meaning Foul Marten, from the atrocious smell of the creature), runs parallel with that of the Marten. Once an abundant and universally distributed denizen of Scottish wilds, it was hunted first for its skin and later on account of its love of poultry and game. This—and especially its fondness for rabbits—has led to its undoing, but since the war, as Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald points out in his article, the polecat has tended to gain ground. It may even re-establish itself in unkeepered country in England during the next decade or so.

MARTENS AT PLAY: The pine marten, or Mertrick, was in former times persistently slaughtered for its costly furrings. At one time, indeed, it was a valued item of Scottish export. Its depredations in the poultry-yard and amongst game have been enormous, while its occasional forays against lambs and even grown sheep are on record.

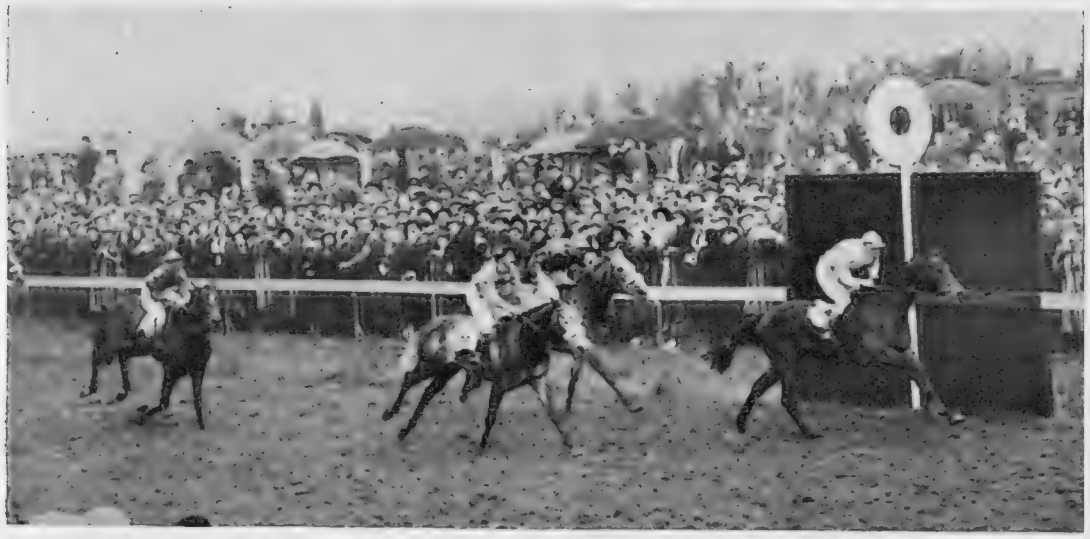
—astonishing enough to make him record the fact and write to Millais about it. And that, everyone thought, was the last Surrey pine marten. But when they made the Guildford by-pass many trees had to be cut down and traps were set for various rodents, and in May 1934 a pine marten was caught in a tunnel-trap there. It was an old animal with worn teeth. Had it been living in these woods for years unobserved? And, if so, had it been living alone or are there others still in the neighbourhood? Or was this another traveller? For the pine marten is an even greater traveller than the polecat.

Be that as it may—and I have never seen a pine marten in Surrey, nor, for that matter, have I seen a live pine marten in this country outside a zoo—there can be no doubt that the war also saved the pine marten from extinction. The numbers first began to increase in North Wales. One day, during the war and shortly after I had received the skin from Cumberland, the skin of one trapped near Bettws-y-Coed arrived on my desk. It was, said the letter, one of a number trapped by the same gamekeeper. I did my best to stop that trapping, but not, I fear, with much success, for I heard a year or so later that five more had been trapped in the same area. All the same, numbers did increase and the animal began to spread. One heard strange reports from all sorts of places. One day a pine marten was trapped near Bristol, and another, I believe, somewhere on Exmoor. And there are old residents of Exmoor who maintain that the pine marten has always been there in the deeper combes. At any rate, the pine marten, the sweet mart, seems to be following its foul-smelling cousin back into England. And personally I am glad.

I do not, of course, expect to see the pine marten established in England in any numbers ever again. The vast new forests now being planted will undoubtedly help it—if it can ever establish itself in any one of them. But it is a large and conspicuous animal—including tail, there is about 3 ft. of a pine marten and it weighs over 3 lb.—and it is arboreal in habit, and very inquisitive by nature, which makes it easy to trap.

Certainly the polecat is much more favoured by nature in a battle with man. For its colouring is dark—Mr. Parker speaks of black-and-copper, and I remember polecats that description would fit exactly, but I remember more, particularly in North Wales, that I would have called dark nigger brown—and it lives in holes, and is nocturnal, or at least crepuscular, in habit (the pine marten is not nocturnal and often hunts by day, and even excessive shyness is not sufficient protection then) and almost omnivorous in its tastes. Little comes amiss to a polecat; it will wreak havoc in a poultry-run, killing for the sheer joy of killing as a fox will do; it will fish in a stream; it will take snakes as readily as rabbits. But it will not climb. You see the work of a polecat much more often than you see a polecat. I can see the polecat re-establishing itself, particularly in unkeepered country.

THE FIELD AT THE SEVEN-FURLONG POST DURING THE RACE FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE, THE FIRST BIG HANDICAP OF THE 1952 RACING SEASON: The race was made notable by the success of three apprentices—Dominic Forte, the son of a West Country ice-cream merchant; W. Riley, who is apprenticed to Mrs. Gordon Houghton; and J. Wilson, a Glasgow boy who is attached to J. Reardon's stable. Their mounts were Phariza, the winner; Streatley, the runner-up, and La Princesse.



PHARIZA STRIDES PAST THE POST A COMFORTABLE WINNER: Mr. C. Oliff-Lee's horse winning the Lincolnshire Handicap by a length-and-a-half from Streatley, which was third in the race last year. The first three were drawn high numbers. Those with low numbers were out of the race very early on.

A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE FINISH OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP: The winner is seen on the right in the foreground. The foreshortening of the view gives the impression that Streatley, the runner-up, is level with the winner, whereas in actuality the horse is one-and-a-half lengths behind Phariza.

The bookmakers had a really excellent race, not for the first time, in this first handicap of the year, and so did the apprentices, and that just about sums up the Lincolnshire Handicap of 1952, in which so many crack milers were eclipsed by a horse with a very poor record except on soft going and in the spring of the year. This horse, Phariza, bought from the Boussac stable in 1950, had his first race for his new stable at the Lincoln meeting last spring. He won this race, but his subsequent career was utterly disappointing, and in seven races Phariza never looked like winning. During last winter he ran four times over hurdles and again failed to score a success, but last week there was no doubt about his mastery, and a furlong from home it was clear that he would win for his fortunate owner, Mr. C. Oliff-Lee. Thousands of pounds were lost before the start of the race because Gordon Richards's mount, Titian, third favourite in the ante-post betting, developed "Monday morning leg" and was unable to run. At the last moment Richards was switched to El Ayashy, but the latter did not show up well in the race at any stage.

Phariza's Lincoln Triumph

THE FIRST BIG HANDICAP WINNER OF THE SEASON RIDDEN BY THE DIMINUTIVE APPRENTICE DOMINIC FORTE

PHARIZA RETURNS TO THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE: The Lincolnshire winner led in, with Dominic Forte in the saddle. The owner of the horse, Mr. C. Oliff-Lee, was unable to be present at the meeting as he was ill.

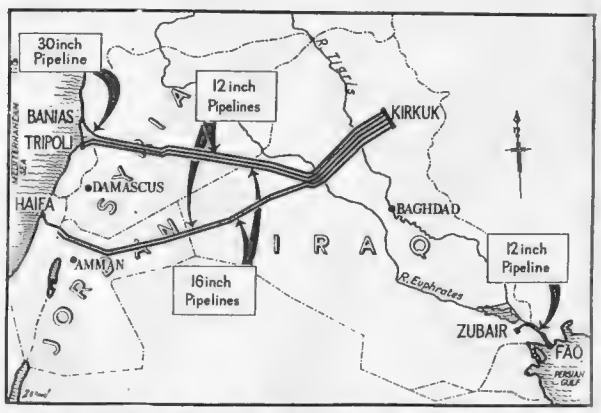
LINING UP A SECTION OF THE NEW 30-IN. PIPE WHICH CARRIES CRUDE OIL FROM KIRKUK, IN NORTHERN IRAQ, TO BANIAS, ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST OF SYRIA: When in full operation the pipe-line will carry an additional 14,000,000 tons of crude oil a year. The project was planned five years ago, but because of a shortage of steel and other equipment construction could not begin until November 1950. Thirty-five ships were used to bring the piping from America.

CRUDE OIL FROM NORTH IRAQ

A New Pipe-line Brings Oil from Iraq to the Mediterranean Shores

Last week the Iraq Petroleum Company announced that crude oil from their oilfields at Kirkuk, in Northern Iraq, has now reached Banias, on the Mediterranean coast of Syria, along the newly-constructed terminal of the 30-in. pipe-line. A further 115 miles of the 30-in. line have still to be laid before the system reaches Kirkuk, but it was found possible to bring the new line into operation by connecting it to 12-in. and 16-in. pipes of the existing line terminating at Haifa, which are not at present in use. It is hoped that the whole of the 30-in. line will be completed by the end of April, well ahead of schedule.

When the new line is in full operation it will carry 14,000,000 tons of crude oil a year. This is nearly double the 1951 production from Kirkuk by the 12-in. and 16-in. pipe-lines to Tripoli, in Lebanon. Storage tanks with a capacity of 550,000 tons will receive the oil at present being pumped to Banias until the first shipments take place in a few weeks' time.



A MAP OF THE NEW AND OLD PIPE-LINES FROM THE IRAQI OILFIELDS TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: Crossing 556 miles to Banias, Tripoli and Haifa, these pipe-lines are designed to save the oil-tankers some thousands of miles through the Red Sea and around to the Persian Gulf.

A TANK STORAGE FARM AT KIRKUK, IN THE NORTH IRAQI OILFIELD, FROM WHICH CRUDE OIL HAS NOW BEEN PUMPED 556 MILES TO THE TERMINAL OF THE NEW PIPE-LINE IN SYRIA: The Iraq Petroleum Company has said that 250,000 tons of oil have been pumped into the line during the past few weeks.

SOME OF THE SECTIONS FOR THE NEW PIPE-LINE BEING STORED READY FOR USE: All the steel for the pipe came from the United States, but equipment for the pumping stations came from the United Kingdom. At Banias the oil will be pumped into storage tanks to await the first shipments in mid-April.

In the Wake of THE MISSISSIPPI TORNADOES

SCENES IN JUDSONIA AS THE TWISTERS CUT A SWATH OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS SIX STATES

THE MAIN STREET OF JUDSONIA REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES : Wrecked shops in the town where rescue workers were still hunting for the dead and injured two days after the tornado passed.

The week before last waves of tornadoes, big black funnels of wind spinning at velocities of several hundred miles an hour, picking up people as if they were leaves and tossing aside buildings like playthings, swept across six Mississippi Valley States. The swath of destruction which these tornadoes cut was truly devastating, the damage amounting to tens of millions of dollars. Over 200 people lost their lives and 2,500 people were injured.

The worst sufferer was the State of Arkansas, and quite one of the hardest-hit towns was Judsonia. Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Kentucky and Alabama also experienced the fury of the twisters, and the tornadoes were indeed reported to have been the most violent in the United States since 268 people were killed in Alabama in 1932. The deadliest series of tornadoes on record in America was in 1925, when 719 people perished and 3,000 were seriously injured in the States of Illinois, Missouri and Indiana. Besides homes and farm buildings being blown down or damaged in the latest tornadoes, large numbers of livestock were reported killed, power lines and communications were cut, and tens of thousands of trees were uprooted. President Truman set to work almost at once to marshal Federal resources to deal with the emergency.

IN THE STRICKEN RESIDENTIAL AREA OF JUDSONIA, ARKANSAS : Houses razed to the ground after being struck by one of the tornadoes which swept across six States astride the valley of the Mississippi. One of the houses in this picture, it will be seen, was pushed into the street.

THE HARDEST HIT OF THE ARKANSAS TOWNS : Houses with wrecked roofs in Judsonia. The two houses on the right have been thrust together by the fury of the storm.

On right—

THE TOWN OF JUDSONIA LOOKED AS IF A GIANT STEAMROLLER HAD BEEN AT WORK : This is an aerial view of one of the residential districts where hardly a house escaped without damage.

THE GREAT LIGHT AT SUMBURGH HEAD—THE LIGHTHOUSE, PERCHED 300 FT. ABOVE THE WATER, WHICH SIGNALS THREE WHITE FLASHES EVERY THIRTY SECONDS
The Sumburgh Head light was established in 1821 and was the work of that celebrated lighthouse pioneer, Robert Stevenson. The light is situated at the southern tip of Shetland, overlooking the most northerly aerodrome in the British Isles. Stevenson held the office of engineer to the Scottish Lighthouse Board for half a century and it may be said, indeed, that he practically inaugurated the Scottish lighthouse system, which is still conducted to a large degree on the lines he so successfully initiated. Under Stevenson's superintendence no fewer than twenty lighthouses were designed and constructed.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Lighting the Coasts of Scotland, a Remarkable Achievement in Organisation Since the First Lighthouse was Erected on the Isle of May in Stuart Times

BY ALASDAIR ALPIN MacGREGOR, WITH ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

WHAT enormous advances have been made in pharology since Charles the First, in 1635, granted to John Cunningham, of Barnes, and James Maxwell, of Innerwick, a patent to erect on the Isle of May what would appear to have been the first Scottish lighthouse of which we possess any record! Six years later, the Scots Parliament ratified this patent. The light in this primitive structure was supplied by a coal fire.

No organised attempt to light the coasts of Scotland was made until 1784, the year in which Dempster of Dunnichen, Member of Parliament and Provost of Forfar, brought to the notice of the Convention of Royal Burghs the necessity for assisting ships in avoiding their perils. Two years later, Dempster introduced into Parliament the Bill under which, on its becoming law, the erection of four lighthouses was authorised, and through which the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses came into being. "It would conduce greatly to the security of navigation and fisheries," runs a passage in the preamble to this Bill, "if four lighthouses were erected in the northern parts of Britain."

To-day the Commissioners maintain nearly 90 lighthouses, and also 70 minor lights, 54 lighted buoys and 96 unlighted, 53 unlighted beacons, and fog-signalling apparatus of the siren, reed and explosive kinds.

As inseparably associated with the Northern Lights as with the construction and improvement of lighthouse technique is the name of Stevenson—R.L.S.'s family. Successive members of this family, over a considerable number of years, held the position of Chief Engineer to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. Robert Stevenson was responsible for that remarkable achievement—his greatest—the Inchcape, or Bell Rock. Alan, his son, built Skerryvore. Later Stevensons achieved fame in such lighthouses as Dubh Heartach, Sule Skerry and the Flannan.

The Inchcape is situated on a reef stretching about 2,000 ft. across the entrance to the Firth of Tay, roughly eleven miles from Arbroath. To it the name of the Bell Rock has been attached since ancient days when, according to tradition, the Abbot of Arbroath (a town then known by its old name of Aberbrothok) placed upon the rock the bell which, tolled by the waves, sounded its warning of hidden peril. Then there came on the scene the wicked pirate, Sir Ralph the Rover. As Ralph throve on wrecks, he put off from his ship to cut loose the bell. Eventually he and his ship and his pirate crew were to perish on the very reef on which the Abbot of Aberbrothok placed the warning bell.

The story of what befell is told memorably in a ballad every Scottish school-child sups with his porridge as a piece of learning almost as important as the Shorter Catechism:

> The Abbot of Aberbrothok
> Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;
> On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung
> And over the waves its warning rung.
>
> * * *
>
> The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
> And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
> Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
> And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE BUTT OF LEWIS IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES: This light is equipped with a wireless beacon and fog-signalling equipment, and is, indeed, one of the key lighthouses in the northern system described by Mr. MacGregor in his accompanying article.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE NEIST, WESTERNMOST POINT OF SKYE: This lighthouse guards the narrow channel known as The Little Minch, lying between Skye and North Unst, in the Outer Hebrides. When this picture was taken, the sea was flat calm around Neist Point, where it so often rages during the height of winter.

That the Abbot should have taken upon himself the onus of placing on a rock a bell to warn medieval seafarers of its danger may seem strange to us nowadays. But it must be remembered that, in the early centuries, the Christian Church took upon itself such altruistic and commendable offices when there was no one else who would do so. Though the Church's successors in this field perform the task so much better, it should not be forgotten that, throughout Christendom, it was the monks who first placed warning bells on rocks, marked dangerous shoals, and erected and maintained on perilous reefs the beacon-lights from which so many of our present-day lighthouses are descended.

The Bell Rock lighthouse was by far the most important work of Robert Stevenson's life. As Alan Stevenson wrote in a memoir of his father, the great merit due to Robert as its architect lay in his bold conception of, and unshaken belief in, the possibility of executing a tower of masonry on the Bell Rock which, left dry only at very low tides, and submerged at high to a depth of 17 ft., confronted its builders with difficulties greater than had to be overcome in the case of the Eddystone. It is doubtful whether Rudyerd's wooden tower, which stood on the Eddystone Rock for about 40 years, would have survived a winter on the Inchcape. Robert Stevenson records that, while seated in his little room in the barrack, passing waves created a current of air sufficient to raise the leaves of the book lying open before him. At four o'clock one morning, the gale drove the spray to a height of 90 ft. above the ordinary sea-level, where it rushed through the barrack to the cook's berth, tore up the floor of the smith's gallery, and carried to the rocks below the anvil and forge.

The erection of a sea-rock light marking the reef lying athwart the fairway of the Tay estuary was one of the first problems confronting the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses on their assuming responsibility for providing the Scottish coasts with adequate illumination for navigation purposes. The reef, as we have seen, is submerged at high water to a depth of 17 ft. The builders of this famous sea-tower, when laying its foundations, were therefore obliged to confine their major activities to the brief space of time during which low tide made possible any work at all. At a low spring ebb, about 4 ft. of the crest of the reef protrude in places.

The remoter of our Northern Lights are situate, like the Bell Rock, on lonely reefs or islets, often miles from inhabited shores. One instantly recalls those on Skerryvore, Dubh Heartach, Muckle Flugga, Berneray (Barra Head), Flannan and Monach. Several others, *not* rock-stations in the sense that these are, lie remotely, too. One thinks of such lighthouses as that perched on Sumburgh Head, at the very south of the Shetland mainland, as that at the Butt of Lewis, or at the Eist (Neist Point), most westerly reach of Skye. Each of these is erected on an inhabited land mass—isolated in its way, but seldom inaccessible. In ordinary circumstances, the routine relief of the light-keepers is little interrupted except, perhaps, when storm or mishap at some remote rock-station has delayed the arrival of the relief vessel, sometimes necessitating a last-minute alteration in her itinerary.

In the premises attached to each of the latter light-houses the keepers live with their families. They are

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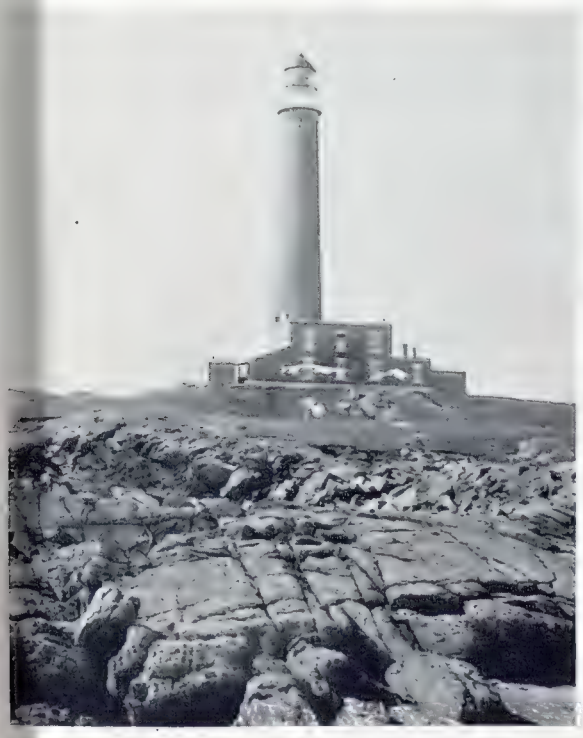

THE MONACH LIGHT, GUARDIAN OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES: The light, which stands on the Isle of Shillay, lying out in the Atlantic, some 10 miles from the nearest land, was closed down during the Second World War, and it is doubtful now whether it will ever be re-established by the Scottish Commissioners.

THE LONELY SENTINEL OF SKERRYVORE—A GRACEFUL GREY GRANITE TOWER PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE GENIUS OF ALAN STEVENSON, SON OF ROBERT STEVENSON: Skerryvore, standing south of Tiree, points the way to the Tiree Passage. The lighthouse is relieved monthly by lighthouse tender from Oban. The keeper's shore station is at Earraid, Mull, but a new shore station has been built at Oban, and will be occupied shortly. The Skerryvore light is 150 ft. above high water and it sends out a white flash every twenty seconds. The light was established in 1844. In rough weather the Skerryvore rocks are the scene of indescribable tumult.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

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never completely cut off from food or water, or from medical or other aid. Not so, however, on the rock-stations, where three men serve at a time, each in rotation, for a spell of two months, followed by a month at the shore station of their particular lighthouse. The light-keepers at the Eist, for example, may have to traverse some arduous miles of very broken and almost trackless territory to reach their nearest crofting neighbours on Skye. Their women-folk, of course, feel such isolation more than *they* do. But the worst possible physical isolation at the most isolated lighthouse on a main island is as nothing when compared with that at a rock-station like the Bell Rock, or Skerryvore, where supplies of fuel, water and various stores are landed half-yearly by one or other of the Commissioners' relief ships. Stormy seas may render overdue by several weeks the routine relief of the keeper whose turn it is to be transferred for his month's duties to the appropriate shore station.

It is with a view to mitigating domestic hardship arising from the isolation of the light-keepers' families, and at the same time to encourage recruiting to the service, that the Commissioners have made arrangements to evacuate the little island of Erraid, off the south-west coast of Mull. Erraid, hitherto, has been the shore station for Skerryvore and Dubh Heartach. The families of the light-keepers on these famous rocks, as also those of the lighthousemen at Barra Head, are being transferred to new homes at Oban. This is a welcome improvement in several respects—certainly where the education of their children is concerned. Family life in Oban is very different to that on Erraid !

If the Eddystone be England's most famous lighthouse, Skerryvore is Scotland's, though, of course, there can be few who have not heard of the Bell Rock. It was in 1814 that Robert Stevenson, Engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, accompanied by some of the Commissioners, paid a visit to the reef from which the Skerryvore Light now radiates. They arrived there with a view to examining the possibility of erecting a light.

At the outset the scheme was abandoned, since it was thought to involve too much danger and difficulty. Sir Walter Scott furnishes us with a vivid description of this visit. As a sheriff, he was a commissioner; and as a commissioner he accompanied the party. He tells us how determined Robert Stevenson was that the reef should be reached and explored, if only in a cursory way, so that he and his fellow-commissioners might be convinced of the necessity of erecting a lighthouse there.

The voyage to the reef, according to Scott's ephemeris, was a trying one. "At length, by dint of exertion, [we] come in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in a most tremendous style. . . . To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff and I resolve to land upon these barren rocks in company with Mr. Stevenson. . . . We took possession of the rock in the name of the Commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. S. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse, the Bell Rock and Eddystone a joke to it. . . . So much for the Skerry Vhor."

That, as I have said, was in 1814. Many years later, Alan Stevenson, after a careful survey of the rock, came to the conclusion that the erection of a tower there was not only necessary, but also feasible. In 1830 the work was begun with the establishment of land bases of operations on Tiree and on Erraid, the latter being where the stone for the lighthouse was quarried—the hard, red granite of the Ross of Mull. It now became necessary, as a preliminary step, to erect, somehow or other, on the reef itself, a barrack to house the masons. Thus a large apartment was raised on piles, high enough, it was hoped, to be out of reach of all but the wildest seas. For some time, this structure served its purpose admirably. One November night, however, when, fortunately, it was unoccupied (for at this season of the year, owing to the shortness of the northern day, as also to the restlessness of the ocean, any progress with the work was deemed impracticable), the sea carried it completely away. The iron parts afterwards found fixed to the site had been twisted into the weirdest contortions by the strength of the assailing sea.

The following year a new and better barrack was erected. This lasted until the lighthouse was completed. The isolation of the workmen inhabiting it must have been identical with that suffered from time to time by the light-keepers now manning the lights on remote islets such as this. Often the seas were so high that, for several days on end, the workmen were

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DUBH HEARTACH, A SENTINEL AMID THE SURGING SEAS—THE GREAT GREY GRANITE TOWER BUILT BY DAVID AND THOMAS STEVENSON, THE SONS OF ROBERT STEVEN[illegible]: been the scene of innumerable wrecks. It was not until 1867 that the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses were able to proceed with the erection of a light on[illegible]se were similar to those encountered at Skerryvore. Of these two Stevensons, Thomas won his reputation with his experiments in lighthouse illumination, his crowning [illegible]iev no fewer than twenty-eight beacons and thirty lighthouses, the most notable being North Unst, Dubh Heartach, and the Chickens, as they all presented conside[illegible]

AT THE SOUTHERNMOST TIP OF THE WESTERN ISLES—THE LIGHTHOUSE ON BARRA HEAD STANDS 683 FT. ABOVE HIGH WATER: Barra Head is another monument to the work of Robert Stevenson. From May to October the keepers are relieved weekly by the Lighthouse Attending Boat from Castlebay, and they are relieved fortnightly from November to April. The character of the light is described as occulting one white flash of thirty seconds every sixty seconds.

: The reef upon which this famous lighthouse stands to the north-west of Colonsay has se isolated rocks which project so suddenly from deep water. The construction problems ievement being the azimuthal condensing system. David Stevenson designed and executed le difficulties. He also built lighthouses in India, Newfoundland, New Zealand and Japan.

THE PORT ELLEN LIGHTHOUSE: Port Ellen light lies on the south-east side of the Isle of Islay at the southern entrance to the Sound of Jura. The keepers approach the lighthouse across the rocks seen in the middle distance. An iron bridge spans the last few yards across the water to the outer rocks.

DEFYING THE SEAS IN BRITAIN'S FARTHEST NORTH—THE LIGHTHOUSE AT NORTH UNST, ONE OF THE WORKS OF DAVID STEVENSON: This is situated on the rocky island of Muckle Flugga, in the Shetlands. It rises precipitously to a height of nearly 230 ft. above high water, the tower itself being 64 ft. All the material for the construction of the lighthouse had to be hauled up the rock by hand. The masons who built the tower suffered great hardship while completing their task.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

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unable to descend to their various tasks; and one may well suppose that at times they must have entertained the fear that their barrack would go the way of its predecessor. Often, too, the Commissioners' tender was unable to approach with food and fuel. On one occasion it could not reach them for several weeks. Their misery and privation in the meanwhile can be imagined when one realises that in those days there existed no means of keeping in touch by wireless, now a commonplace even where the remotest and least accessible of rock-stations are concerned.

Not only against tempestuous seas did the builders of Skerryvore have to compete. Of this they immediately became aware when blasting operations were begun with a view to hollowing out the lighthouse's base, some 40 ft. in diameter. Two factors made this blasting unusually difficult and dangerous, namely, the extreme hardness of the rock, and the impracticability of withdrawing the workmen, before each blasting-charge was fired, to a distance at which they might be safe. To the actual firing, Alan Stevenson himself usually attended. The great lighthouse tower, 135 ft. in height, was completed in 1843; and on February 1 of the following year—a date memorable achievement in British pharology—the light from Skerryvore shone for the first time. Skerryvore is one of the greatest of marine achievements in existence.

Twenty-two miles south-east of Skerryvore, midway between Islay and the southern part of Tiree, and exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, a cluster of jagged reefs is marked by that other remarkable lighthouse on these waters—Dubh Heartach—its lithe tower rising to a height of 107 ft. The Dubh Heartach reef constitutes an even greater menace to navigation in these waters than does that at Skerryvore, lying as it does in the cross-roads of the entrance to the Irish Channel, the Firth of Clyde, and the Marches. Seas are breaking upon these reefs even in calm weather: in time of storm they are the scene of fantastic fury, rendering the lighthouse inaccessible. Dubh Heartach's keepers are often marooned for long periods. That its builders were well aware of the strength of the attacks the ocean is wont to deliver on these dangerous rocks is shown by the fact that the first 64 ft. of the structure above highwater-mark are solid—a massive base in no way weakened by being chambered or staircased. This forethought, so far, at any rate, seems to have rendered the tower immune to the raging seas.

As in the case of Skerryvore, the masons, during its construction, were housed in an iron barrack. Its builders' experiences were not unlike those of the hardy race of men who, about thirty years previously, had added Skerryvore to our list of lights truly remote. Though safe enough in their barrack when tempests raged, a gale of tremendous velocity brought to the

THIS IS THE SHORE STATION FOR MUCKLE FLUGGA: To these quarters at Burrafiord, Unst, come the lighthouse-keepers when they have been relieved from their exacting duties on the rock, one of the most storm-swept upon our coasts. The keepers on Muckle Flugga are able to communicate by radio telephony with this shore station.

foundations of the tower, then reaching no more than 36 ft. above the sea, waves which bore off nearly a dozen massive blocks of granite, each weighing a couple of tons.

The reef upon which the Dubh Heartach Light stands, and from which it has sent forth its effulgent beam ever since it came into operation in 1872, had been the scene of innumerable wrecks.

Britain's most northerly light is that on North Unst, situated on the rocky islet of Muckle Flugga, rising precipitously to a height of nearly 200 ft., three-quarters of a mile off the north-west coast of Unst, in Northern Shetland. Occupying of the rock almost the entire area available, it has functioned in this extremely isolated position for nearly a century. At the time of the Crimean War, the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses were asked by the Admiralty to light, for the Fleet's safety, these perilous waters. Despite the extreme steepness of the rock, confronting the engineers with a number of novel problems and necessitating the hauling up, by hand, of all the material required in its construction, in October 1854, just twenty-six days after the arrival of the first supply vessel off Muckle Flugga, the first light—a provisional one—was brought into operation. The following year, work was begun on the present structure, which rises to a height of 65 ft. above the rock's highest point. The masons who built this tower suffered great hardship with as great resolve. They were accommodated in a sturdy structure of iron, out of which, at times, they dared not venture because of the violence of the storms. Waves driven against the rock by the gales actually reached their iron-bound dwelling. Mightier waves than these, however, have been recorded at Muckle Flugga. They have been known to sweep the lantern-tower at a height of 260 ft.!

Only skilled seamanship, and the exercise of great judgment and tenacity on the part of all concerned with the Commissioners' relief vessels, together with the most rigorous self-discipline of the light-keepers themselves, have rendered negligible the number of accidents sustained in connection with the manning and maintenance of our Northern Lights on these wild and inhospitable rock-stations. Fatality seldom befalls. Yet, one cannot but recall that classic example which occurred in December 1900, at the Flannan Light, set on one of the remote cluster of seven isles lying some twenty miles west of Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides. In a manner never fully explained, the three light-keepers disappeared. The relief vessel, arriving some days overdue, owing to tempestuous seas, put ashore the relieving keeper, who found the lighthouse deserted. There was no sign of the light-keeper whose turn it was to be relieved. Nor, indeed, any sign of anyone else.

Much more recent is the accident which occurred at the Monach Light in 1936. This lighthouse stands on the rocky islet of Shillay, most westerly of the Heiskeir or Monach group of islands, now uninhabited, lying roughly five miles off the west coast of Unst.

On the afternoon of November 15, 1936, there disappeared from Shillay two of its three light-keepers—Mr. J. W. Milne, the principal, and Mr. M. W. Black, one of his assistants. The men were last seen on land about 4.40 p.m., when they were presumed to be returning to Shillay with mails and provisions from Ceann Ear, the adjacent island. Squalls had been frequent that afternoon. As they had failed to turn up within a reasonable time, their relatives, occupying that part of the station devoted to them, ascended the lighthouse-tower. Therefrom, with the aid of field-glasses, they located the missing men, their boat, upturned, drifting away from them. The men were huddled together on a tidal rock, waist-deep in water, with a rising tide and a rising gale. A huge wave swept them from their all too slender foothold. A month later the bodies of these unfortunate light-keepers were recovered, and in due course brought ashore for burial.

The Monach Light was completed as long ago as 1864; and this was the first and last mishap there. During the Second World War—on August 13, 1942, to be precise—this station was closed down; and it is extremely doubtful whether this light will ever be re-established.

LIGHTHOUSE AT FRASERBURGH, ABERDEENSHIRE: This is indeed a stormy stretch of coast, but for the keepers there is at least the comfort of not being isolated like so many others who man the Northern Lights surrounding Scotland's long and stormy coastline.

How did men achieve, against such odds, the establishment of these remote lights? we may ask ourselves in conclusion. The explanation is perhaps supplied by Alan Stevenson where he writes that his father was a man of sincere and unobtrusive piety—a man who, for nearly forty years, had been an elder of the Church of Scotland, and was free from all taint of bigotry. A high sense of duty pervaded his life; "and he died calmly in that blessed hope and peace which only an indwelling and personal belief in the merits of a Redeemer can impart to any son of our guilty race."

Herein, surely, lies the secret of the greatness of those who raised these terrific monuments in the midst of the surging seas—monuments to their own zeal and unflagging resolve, to their inspiring devotion, to their indomitable courage, to their unquenchable faith.

EILEAN MOR, MOUNTING GUARD OVER A GROUP OF ISLETS FIFTEEN MILES OFF THE HEBRIDES: The tower is mounted upon the crown of one of the highest positions in the Flannan islands. This was the scene of a remarkable accident in 1900, which remains an unsolved mystery to this day, although it seems clear that the keepers lost their lives in a great storm, first one of them being swept away and the others being similarly caught when searching for their missing companion.

KING IDRIS STANDS IN HIS PARLIAMENT HOUSE BEFORE TAKING THE OATH TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW ARAB STATE : The ceremony took place in the joint capital, Benghazi, the city which was so often captured and recaptured during the war and from which Mussolini once directed his colonisation experiments. The Parliament itself is the former Wavell Arms, the Benghazi canteen used by the Eighth Army during the war in North Africa. After King Idris had taken the oath at last week's inaugural ceremony, Mahmoud Muntasser, the Prime Minister, read the Speech from the Throne outlining the Libyan Government's foreign and domestic policy. He let it be known, too, that it was hoped soon to establish a national army in the new State.

THE FIRST LIBYAN PARLIAMENT OPENED IN BENGHAZI

KING IDRIS TAKES THE OATH, AND ANNOUNCES HIS GOVERNMENT'S PLANS FOR A NATIONAL ARMY

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BENGHAZI ARRIVES FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY OPENING : Libya has a large Roman Catholic community, which grew steadily during the days of Mussolini's expansion in North Africa, when he actually incorporated Libya within the national territory of Italy.

RELATIVES OF KING IDRIS : The King's brother, Emir Sayyed el Rida Senussi (right), and the King's cousin, Emir Sayyed Safi Eddin, both wearing Arab barricans, leaving the Libyan Parliament building after the inaugural ceremonies, in which King Idris was the central figure.

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST LIBYAN PARLIAMENT : They are crossing the streets from the vicinity of the New Age Cinema to the precincts of the Parliament building. Benghazi has many modern buildings, the work of the Italians.

THE WAVELL ARMS, WHICH IS NOW THE PARLIAMENT OF LIBYA : The former Eighth Army canteen where the sixty-five elected members of the Libyan Parliament assembled last week to hear King Idris take the oath. Members of the Diplomatic Corps were present.

THE NAVY REVEALS A SECRET—THE "SQUID" IS FIRED ON H.M.S. "CROSSBOW" WITH DUMMY BOMBS, TWO OF WHICH ARE SEEN LEAVING THE SHIP: The "Squid," the Navy's new and deadly anti-submarine weapon, is a multi-barrelled mortar which fires a pattern of depth-charges ahead of the ship. These are the first pictures of the weapon, which has just been taken off the Admiralty's secret list. The "Squid" has been in existence since the end of the war and was tested at sea last summer. This new weapon marks a great advance in anti-submarine warfare, and the underwater bombs used are of great destructive power, capable of crushing the toughest hull. Fired from the stern, they are shot right over the ship to fall in the water and explode some way ahead.

THE "SQUID" AND THE "DARING" MAKE THEIR BOW

The First Pictures of the Navy's New and Powerful Anti-Submarine Weapon; H.M.S. "Daring," the Navy's Largest Destroyer, on Trials

TWO DUMMY BOMBS ARE RECOVERED FROM THE WATER DURING EXERCISES: This picture of a boat's-crew party retrieving the two bombs was taken from the deck of the Weapon-class destroyer *Battleaxe*. The "Squid" is said to locate the target, aim and fire automatically.

H.M.S. "DARING," THE NAME-SHIP OF HER CLASS, IS ACCEPTED BY THE ROYAL NAVY FROM HER BUILDERS, MESSRS. SWAN, HUNTER AND WIGHAM RICHARDSON, LTD., OF WALLSEND-ON-TYNE: The 2,610-ton *Daring* and her seven sister-ships are the largest destroyers ever ordered by the Navy. They have been described by the Third Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Denny, as "comparable with light cruisers of twenty to twenty-five years ago, but more powerful and suitable to carry out the functions normally assigned to small cruisers." The *Daring* is fitted with the most modern technical equipment and incorporates the practical results learned during the Second World War, as well as all the improvements devised since, although the basic plan was a wartime design intended to be used against the Japanese. The eight ships constitute an expansion and merging of the Weapon and Battle classes. They are said to have the finest anti-aircraft and anti-submarine systems devised. Each of the eight destroyers is fitted with six 4·5-in. guns in twin turrets and six 40-mm. A.-A. guns. In addition to ten 21-in. tubes, each ship is fitted with the "Squid" anti-submarine weapon. After working-up trials, H.M.S. *Daring* is to join the Mediterranean Fleet.

A DUMMY BOMB IS BROUGHT ABOARD THE FLEET ANTI-SUBMARINE ESCORT DESTROYER "BATTLEAXE": All four ships of the Weapon class are equipped as anti-submarine vessels. The latest fast anti-submarine frigates have an improved version of the "Squid."

THE TEMPEST AT STRATFORD

THE SECOND PLAY OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON

Sir Ralph Richardson last week made his Stratford debut as Prospero, and even if this is not a great Shakespearean part there is no doubt that Sir Ralph has made his mark at the Memorial Theatre. His main chance will come, no doubt, with the production of *Macbeth* in the summer. As it is, *The Tempest* relies not so much on great acting as on the magic of skilful production and direction. This it has in good measure, and Loudon Sainthill's setting of giant sea-shells and jagged green rocks bathed in a mysterious underwater light, could not very well be bettered.

Miss Margaret Leighton's Ariel is a superb performance, giving the play that other-worldly atmosphere so essential to its success.

ARIEL SINGS THE SONG OF FREEDOM: The scene before Prospero's cave in *The Tempest*, which has just been presented at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, for the second season in succession. The production is by Michael Benthall and scenery and costumes are by Loudon Sainthill, the young Tasmanian artist who has made such a notable impression.

PROSPERO AND HIS TWO ATTENDANT SPIRITS: The exiled Duke (played by Sir Ralph Richardson) with Caliban (Michael Hordern) and Ariel (Margaret Leighton). Both Sir Ralph and Margaret Leighton are newcomers to Stratford Memorial Theatre.

"THIS MISSHAPEN KNAVE, HIS MOTHER WAS A WITCH": Michael Hordern as Caliban in the 1952 production of *The Tempest*. Michael Hordern also plays Menenius in *Coriolanus*, the first production of the season.

"A FINE APPARITION, MY QUAINT ARIEL, HARK IN THINE EAR": Ariel receives the commands of Prospero. Sir Ralph and Miss Leighton have often acted together, most recently in *The Three Sisters* during Festival year.

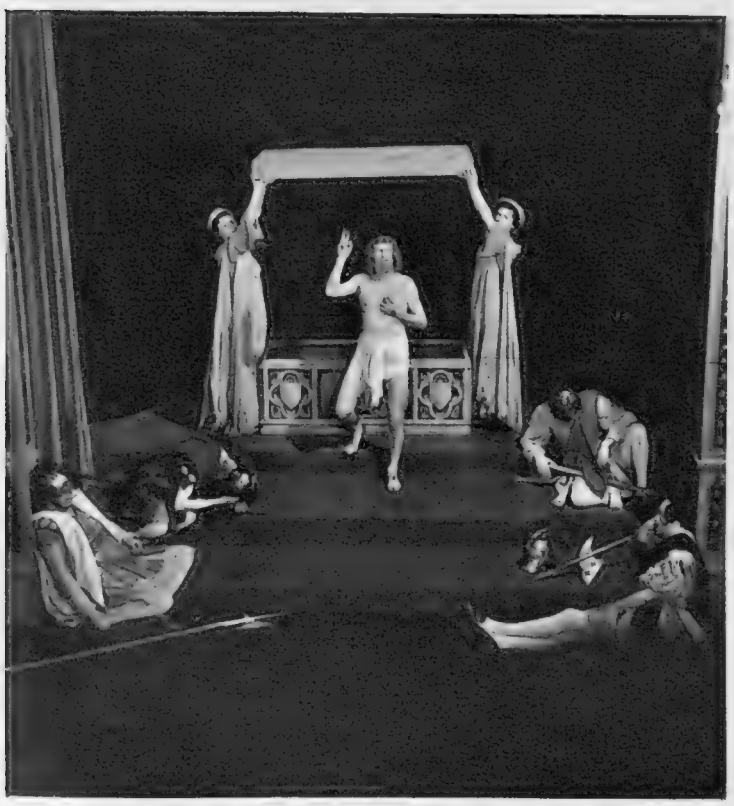
THE PASSION THROUGH MEDIEVAL EYES—A SCENE FROM THE NORWICH PASSION PLAY WHICH WAS PRESENTED AT THE MADDERMARKET THEATRE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 500 YEARS : The text was adapted from the cycle of fifteenth-century mystery plays generally known as the "Ludus Coventriæ." In this picture Jesus is seen as he answered Judas's request that the traitor should be named. "So sayest thyself, take heed at thy spell. Thou askest me now, here, if thou shalt do that treason? Remember thyself, advise thee right well thou art of great age, and knowest what is reason."

"I THIRST"—THE TABLEAU DEPICTING THE SCENE AT THE CRUCIFIXION AS JESUS WAS OFFERED VINEGAR TO QUENCH HIS THIRST : The two thieves are on either side of Our Lord and Mary and John stand at the foot of the Cross. The action of the play took place before drapes at the back of the stage. It was produced as a succession of tableaux in the style of fifteenth-century altar-pieces, and all members of the cast remained anonymous.

THE NORWICH PASSION PLAY

The Revival after 500 Years of the "Ludus Coventriæ" at the Maddermarket Theatre; The Norwich Players Portray the Story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection in a Series of Tableaux

PILATE AND THE KNIGHTS DECIDE ABOUT GUARDING CHRIST'S TOMB TO PREVENT THE APOSTLES FROM TAKING THE BODY : Pilate reminds the knights of Jesus's words, "Thou knowest well that Jesus He said to us with words plain He said we should find it true the third day He would rise again."



THE PROMISE IS FULFILLED—JESUS IS RAISED FROM THE DEAD AND LEAVES THE GUARDED TOMB : "For man I have made my body in bread his soul for to feed. Man, if thou let this chance be gone and wilt not follow me anon, such a friend findest thou never none, to help thee in thy need."

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS" : Jesus has left the earth for His place on the right hand of God. The disciples and Mary in the Sepulchre hear and see the angels, and rise from their knees in praise before the empty tomb. The music for the play was taken from "Missa Brevis" and Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" and sung by a hidden group of voices.

For the first time for 500 years the Passion Play "Ludus Coventriæ" has been revived. Staged by the Norwich Players, it was performed in the Maddermarket Theatre in the Norfolk city during mid-Lent. The play, part of a group of five that cover the whole Passion of Our Lord from the moment when Judas first bargains for the betrayal, was performed in medieval dress. The language was slightly modernised, and some of the scenes were rearranged so that they could be performed more smoothly upon the limited stage of the theatre, but everything was done to keep the simple beauty of the medieval play. Christ and his Apostles were dressed in their traditional draperies, but Pilate and the High Priests were arrayed as wealthy burghers of the fifteenth century. Mary Magdalene was in sumptuous contemporary robes and the Blessed Virgin Mary in her blue cloak. The action of the play moved slowly through the story of the Passion and finally to the Ascension. Each scene developed into a set picture and then dissolved until, by subtle handling of the stage, the next picture began to take shape. All members of the cast were amateurs.

HERITAGE IN STONE

SOME FAMOUS BUILDINGS WHIC ARE IN THE NEWS IN OXFOR AND THE SOUTHERN COUNTIE

On left—

Frauds on the shareholders of the Londo and Globe Finance Corporation ende the spectacular career of financial ascendanc of Whitaker Wright, the sum total of th deficit in all his companies being £5,500,00 During his heyday Whitaker Wright enter tained lavishly at Witley Park, near Godalmin the house he had had built in spacious ground at a cost of £840,000, including its deer par of 500 acres, a woodland of 1,360 acres, and a lake with a dance hall beneath. Whitake Wright's whims were boundless, and he sati fied most of them. He built a bridal suite L-shaped with each arm 74 ft. long, an equipped it for some unknown reason with piano, a harp, a zither and a Chinese dru gong. The dining-room had walls carved craftsmen Whitaker Wright had brought fro Italy. To-day Witley Park is still much it was in the time of the notorious financie except that the under-water dance hall is n used. The present owner, Sir John Leig wants to sell it, but he anticipates difficultie

THEY STILL CALL IT WHITAKER WRIGHT'S FOLLY: Looking across the rose garden to the turrets and cupolas of Witley Park, near Godalming, Surrey, the great house which the financier Whitaker Wright had built over half a century ago and which is now being offered for sale by its present owner, Sir John Leigh.

RESTORING THE HOLYWELL MUSIC ROOM AT OXFORD: *Left*—A rear view of the room showing the new squash rackets court behind it and in the foreground the foundations for new undergraduate accommodation. *Right*—The façade of the building, now redecorated and exposed to public view through the removal of a covered passage-way. The Holywell Music Room, thought to be the oldest room in Europe built solely for the performance of music, has been provided with new entrance doors and decorated in a warm stone colour. The Music Room was built in 1748 as the result of the musical enthusiasm reawakened in 1733 when Handel visited Oxford and gave five performances. For half a century before that the University had been asleep musically. But the room was functional rather than decorative, and in recent years had presented a dilapidated and gloomy front. The gloom has now been relieved by the removal of the covered passage-way. The property belongs to Wadham College, whose new buildings for undergraduate accommodation, library purposes and squash rackets involved the demolition of two rooms at the side of the main concert room formerly used as a green room and an organ chamber. These are being replaced with rooms on the other side of the main hall, the largest of which will house the library of the Oxford University Musical Club, and the others will be used for practice rooms.

RESTORING AN OXFORD PALACE—AT WORK ON ST. ALDATE'S: *Left*—Restoration of carved woodwork at the Rose Place side of the palace. *Right*—The palace façade.

The Old Palace in St. Aldate's, Oxford, built in 1530 for Bishop Robert King, last Abbot of Osney and first Bishop of Oxford, is being restored, so far as possible, to its original appearance. The work involves the disappearance of two shops, occupied until recently by a second-hand dealer and a draper, and in their place will be a Roman Catholic bookshop, built in the Georgian style, with an entrance in Rose Place. The work will further improve the appearance of a street which has undergone striking changes in recent years. The character of the Rose Place side of the palace was destroyed in 1850, when the palace was turned into lodging-houses and the shops appeared. Windows which dated back to 1628, when the palace was refronted and some exquisite panelling and richly-decorated ceilings were added, disappeared. At present, the windows cannot be restored because the cost is regarded as prohibitive.

A NORMAN ARCH IS EXPOSED AT CANTERBURY DURING RESTORATION WORK ON THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY: Work in progress on the reconstruction of the Chapter Library, which has now reached first floor-level. The discovery of the arch was made near this site.

During excavations for rebuilding the Library of Canterbury Cathedral, destroyed by enemy action in May 1942, workmen have uncovered a Norman arch cut through the west wall of the eleventh-century monastic dormitory near the site of the new Library. The arch is believed to have been that of a window giving light to a vast crypt below the dormitory. Abutting on this west wall was a thirteenth-century refectory, and it is believed that the window was blocked up when that was built. Flanking this arch are two others which have been exposed for many years, but the existence of the middle one has hitherto been unsuspected. The cost of the vast reconstruction work in the Cathedral precincts which suffered extensive damage during the bombing has been estimated at £300,000.

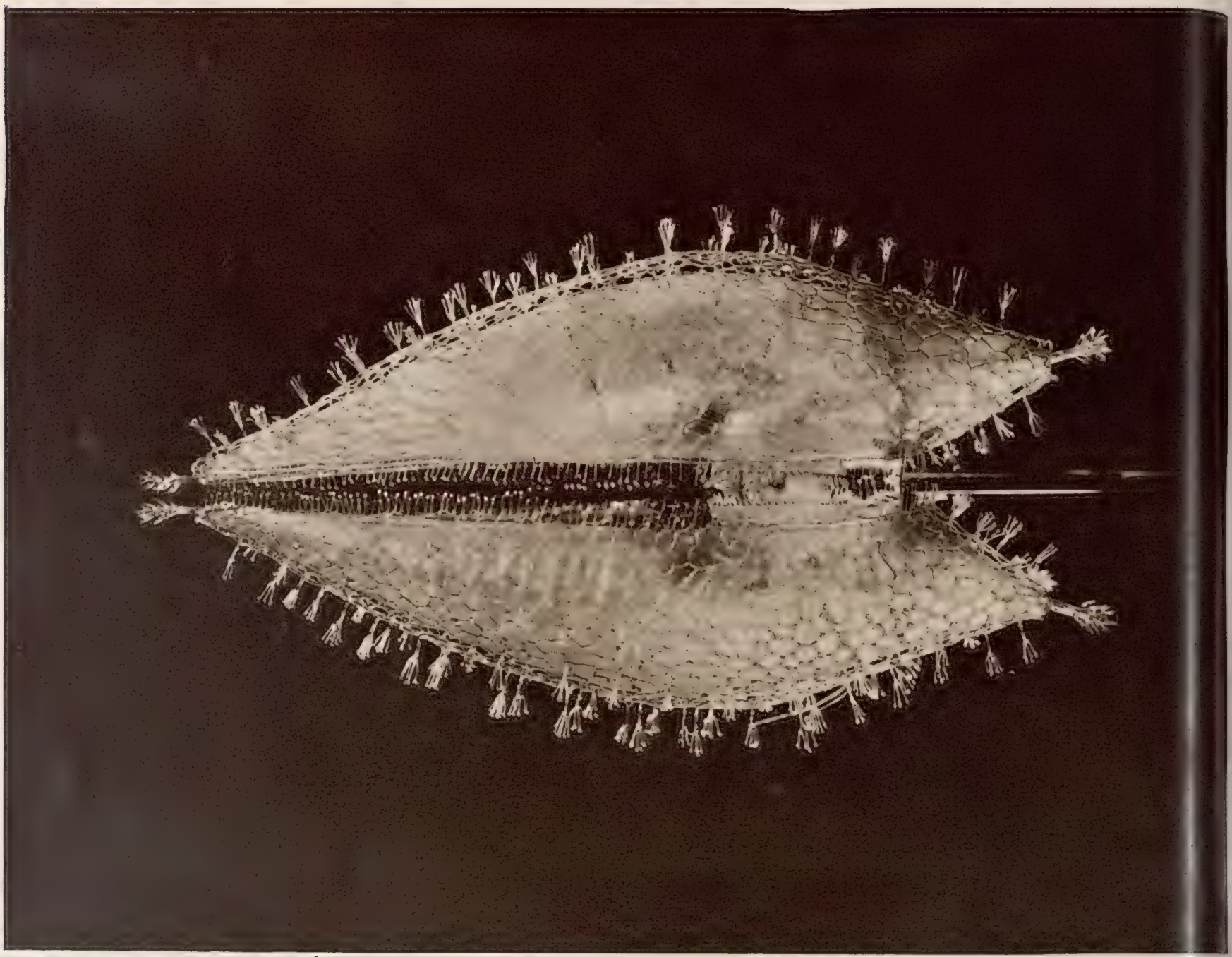
THE THIRD NORMAN ARCH AT CANTERBURY: The recently-discovered arch (centre) is flanked by the two others which have been exposed for some years. The Library was destroyed during the heavy bombing of 1942.

WICKHAM COURT, WEST WICKHAM, KENT, NOW USED AS AN HOTEL, PASSES INTO THE HANDS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS: The historic fifteenth-century mansion which has been bought by the Ladies of Mary, a Roman Catholic Order of Nuns, who run the Colomba Convent Grammar School for Girls at Croydon, for use as a teachers' training college.

The purchasers of Wickham Court, the Ladies of Mary, have bought the house in order to adapt it for use as a training college for about fifty student teachers, who are at present accommodated at their Croydon premises. At one time, the same Order were negotiating to buy Addington Palace, now owned by the Croydon Corporation, but it was not suitable for their needs. Wickham Court was built by Henry Heydon as a fortified residence about 1480. In its original form, it was a square structure with four octagonal towers, and although it has undergone considerable alteration it still retains much of its original character. Henry Heydon, who acquired the Manor of West Wickham about 1475, was married to Anne Boleyn, a great-aunt of the Queen of that name; he was made a baronet in 1485. The principal entrance to the building is on the west side through a porch, built in the reign of Charles I. Inside the house there are fireplaces of the Tudor and Elizabethan periods. The house was sold to the Lennard family in the sixteenth century and remained in branches of that family until modern times. Wickham Court became an hotel in 1933.

THE LENNARD COAT-OF-ARMS: This is situated above the fireplace in the ground floor, which was once the mansion's library.

A SECTION OF THE NEW CANTERBURY: A view through one of the archways of the quarter-mile stretch of Continental-style colonnaded shops in Burgate. This is a spectacular feature of the new shopping centre a short distance from the Cathedral. When the Council decided on the reconstruction of the city they agreed to a policy of "rebuilding in a contemporary and lively manner." In the devastating raid of May 31, 1942, the heart of Canterbury's shopping centre was torn out at one blow, but by some miracle the Cathedral remained substantially intact.



QUEEN OF THE RADIOLARIA—AN EXAMPLE OF THE HAND-BLOWN GLASS MODELS OF PROTOZOA AT A REMARKABLE NEW YORK EXHIBITION: The model is of *Coelographis regina*, one of the largest of the micro-organisms known as radiolaria which, falling in an endless rain through the ocean depths, become the ooze covering vast areas of the sea-bed. This is one of the models made for the American Museum of Natural History in New York by the glass-blower Herman O. Mueller, under the direction of two museum experts, Dr. Roy Waldo Miner and Dr. George Childs. Some of these models are millions of times larger than the specimens they illustrate.

A MARVEL OF THE MICROCOSM WROUGHT IN GLASS: This splendid model, of very great intrinsic beauty, is of another form of radiolaria. The nucleus of the organism is within the latticed centre. Radiolaria have skeletons of a substance not unlike glass and with a chemical formula closely akin to opal. Though they are single-celled, a startling complexity of construction is revealed by the microscope or by these fine models.

MARVELS OF THE MICROCOSM

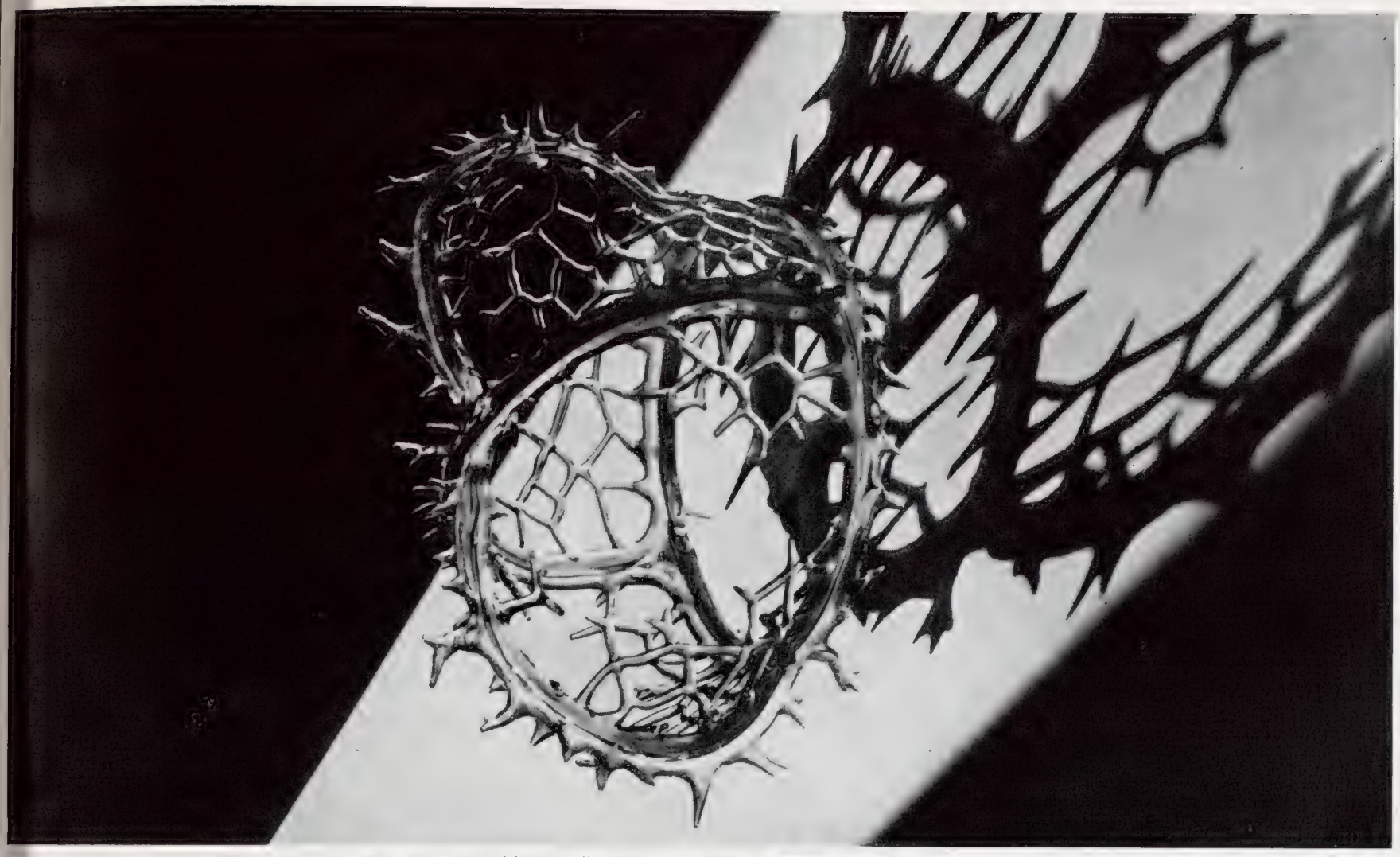
Artist and Scientist Co-operate in Reproducing in Glass the Wonders of the Microscopic World

Not all of us have the fortune to own a good microscope to explore the beauty and surprises of microscopic life in pond and sea-water. Nor is it possible for museums to provide exhibits to be examined through expensive, high-powered microscopes, which would in any case need adjustment for the sight of every viewer. The problem of displaying microscopic forms of life in museums has therefore been solved by the use of accurate and greatly enlarged models of the actual specimens.

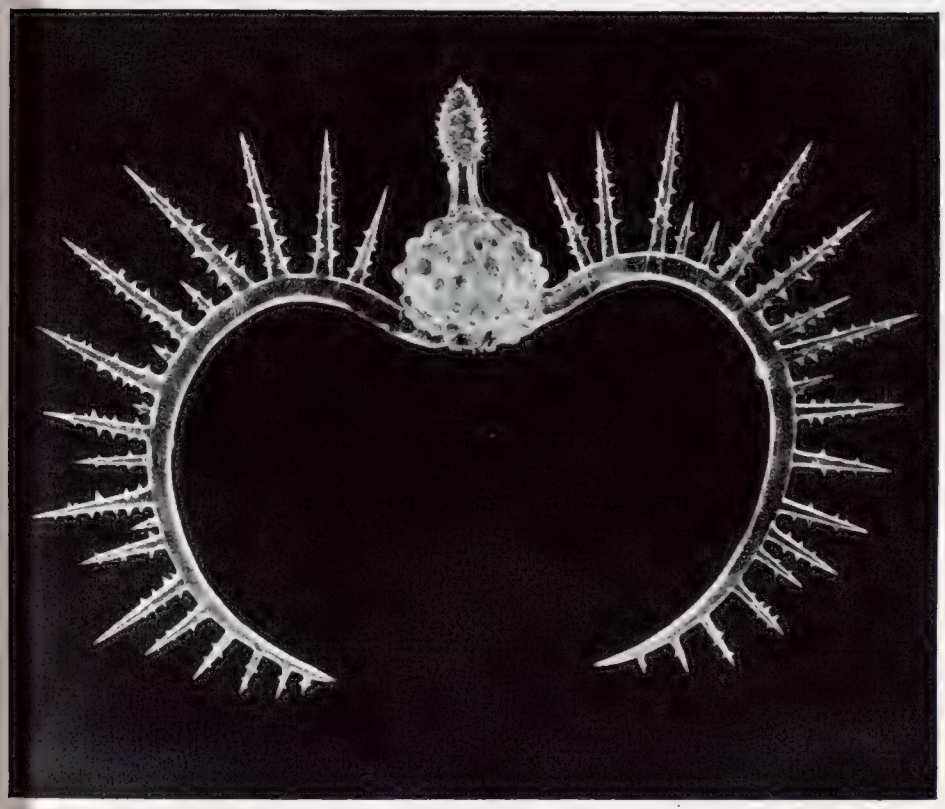
On these pages are pictures of glass models exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Some of the models are between 8,000,000 and 125,000,000 times the size of the specimens they illustrate and were made by Herman O. Mueller, a celebrated glass-blower, working under the direction of museum experts. Each model took between six months and a year to complete, for every delicate thread of the organisms had to be meticulously worked out.

Included in the collection are models of the single-celled radiolaria, belonging to the order of protozoa, whose skeletons form a considerable part of the ooze which covers large tracts of the ocean bed at moderate depths. At greater depths the ooze is exclusively radiolarian in character. The spherical or conical bodies of these tiny creatures have a large number of pseudopodia and siliceous skeletons or shells, often forming exquisite patterns.

Undoubtedly the model that gave the glassblower the most difficult task of construction was the *Coelographis regina*, one of the most highly specialised forms of radiolaria. This minute marine animal floats freely in water and is found in both fresh and salt water and in damp places on land. Between its mitre-like shells is enclosed a complicated central capsule with branching, tube-like structures. The outer



A GLASS MODEL OF A PROTOZOAN SKELETON 800 TIMES LARGER THAN THE SPECIMEN: Radiolaria skeletons like the one illustrated here have survived as fossils for many millions of years and none of the larger varieties of this minute marine creature is known to have become extinct in that time. This is another of the glass models in the remarkable exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.



A BIZARRE TIARA OF THE OCEAN DEEPS: This is a glass model of another of the radiolaria, the *Dorcadospyris dinoceras*. Comparatively large, this variety can just be seen by the naked eye and is about the size of a single grain of sand. The model is a 400 times enlargement of the actual specimen.

THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD OF ROTIFERS AND SPIROGYRA: This is what water from a pond looks like under the microscope. On the left are the fine threads of spirogyra—to the naked eye the green scum on ponds; to the microscopist a delicate wonder. The rotifer, a snail-shaped animal, swims freely about. Its internal organs can be seen through the transparent body.

surface is a delicately-wrought mosaic of lace work. Radiolaria have been living in their present form with no significant evolutionary change for many millions of years. When the pictures of these models are studied and when it is remembered that to the biologist they are "primitive" forms of life, the full complexity of higher forms will to some extent be understood.

The New York exhibition includes many other kinds of microscopic life. There are the Foraminifera, another of the protozoa family, and of considerable importance to the geologist, since the vast deposits of limestone that form so large a part of the earth's crust are mainly composed of the minute dead shells of these creatures. They are also of direct economic importance in assisting geologists searching for deposits of oil.

Moving to a higher level of development, the exhibition includes a life-size model of the Physalis, popularly known, because of its supposed resemblance to a ship, as the Portuguese Man-o'-War. This strange creature, which can inflict a vicious sting on swimmers, is really a colony of jelly-fish, each vitally dependent on the others, and all of them suspended in the water by a surface float, which is filled with air. Some of the jelly-fish have locomotive organs with which they drag the colony along; others are responsible for reproduction or for supplying the colony with its numerous mouths. Finally, there are members equipped with trailing tentacles of deadly sting-cells, which hold and paralyse the tiny fish on which the colony preys.

Back in the microscopic world there is a remarkable model of what the microscopist sees when he examines a droplet of pond water. Here is a new and strange world; a world of weird plants and tiny animals called rotifers, which have an astonishing resistance to cold and dehydration. They are distributed throughout the world and you will find them flourishing in a frozen Tibetan lake as well as in the duckpond of a Surrey farm.

Another part of the exhibition is devoted to a collection of sponges, and of these perhaps the Venus Flower Basket sponge is the most striking. Occasionally, living shrimps are found inside the sponge, entirely isolated from the outside world. The shrimps, it is believed, enter the sponge when they are young and, finding abundant food there, remain until they are too large to effect an exit. Sponges containing shrimps trapped in this way are greatly prized in Japan where, as wedding presents, they symbolise a lasting union.

Of great but quite different beauty is the Museum's fine collection of sea-shells. The collection includes one of the largest perfect specimens of *Paper Nautilus* in existence. This lovely shell is really as thin as paper and it is very rare that one is found in an unbroken condition.

But the viewer will be brought back again and again to the beauty of the glass models of the protozoa; they represent, after all, not only the exquisite formations of radiolaria and foraminifera, but the greatest of all the wonders of the living world—the mind and skill of man himself.

"TILIKUM" AND HER CANADIAN HOME

THE FAMOUS CANOE WHICH VOYAGED ROUND THE WORLD NOW STANDS IN THUNDERBIRD PARK, VICTORIA, B.C.

In the issue of THE SPHERE *of February 9 of this year Mr. Uffa Fox, the noted yacht designer, and Mr. Montague Dawson, the marine artist, co-operated in a special feature entitled "Little Ships Across the Broad Atlantic," in which Mr. Fox gave an account of some of the small craft which have braved the perils of the Western Ocean before and since the turn of the century. Considerable reference was made in this feature to the celebrated cruise of the* Tilikum *in which Captain Voss circumnavigated the globe, and this has drawn an interesting reply from Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent-General in the United Kingdom for the Province of British Columbia, who describes how in 1930 he was fortunate in discovering the whereabouts of the* Tilikum, *which was embedded in the mud off Greenwich. Arrangements were made for the* Tilikum *to be shipped to Victoria, Vancouver Island, its original point of departure, and there it stands to-day as a monument to the hardihood of the redoubtable Captain Voss. The following notes outline some of the exploits of the* Tilikum, *surely one of the most remarkable craft in the annals of maritime adventure.*

In Thunderbird Park, Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, in a railed-in open space, for all young British Columbians to gaze and wonder at, stands *Tilikum*, a canoe hewn out of a log of Western red cedar, a relic at once of a native craftsmanship which is fast disappearing, and of an amazing feat of seamanship which has passed into legend. Until recent times canoes hand-hewn from a single tree were in common use by the coastal Indians; but to-day the paddle has been displaced by petrol and the outboard motor, and the dug-out canoe is only to be seen on the remoter waters of the province. Fifty years ago, however, the case was different, and Captain J. C. Voss, a Canadian skipper with an urge to "go places" in small boats, had no difficulty in acquiring one. He named it *Tilikum*, an Indian word for "Friend." It had an overall length of 38 ft., was 5 ft. 8 ins. in beam, and he equipped it with three small sails for motive power.

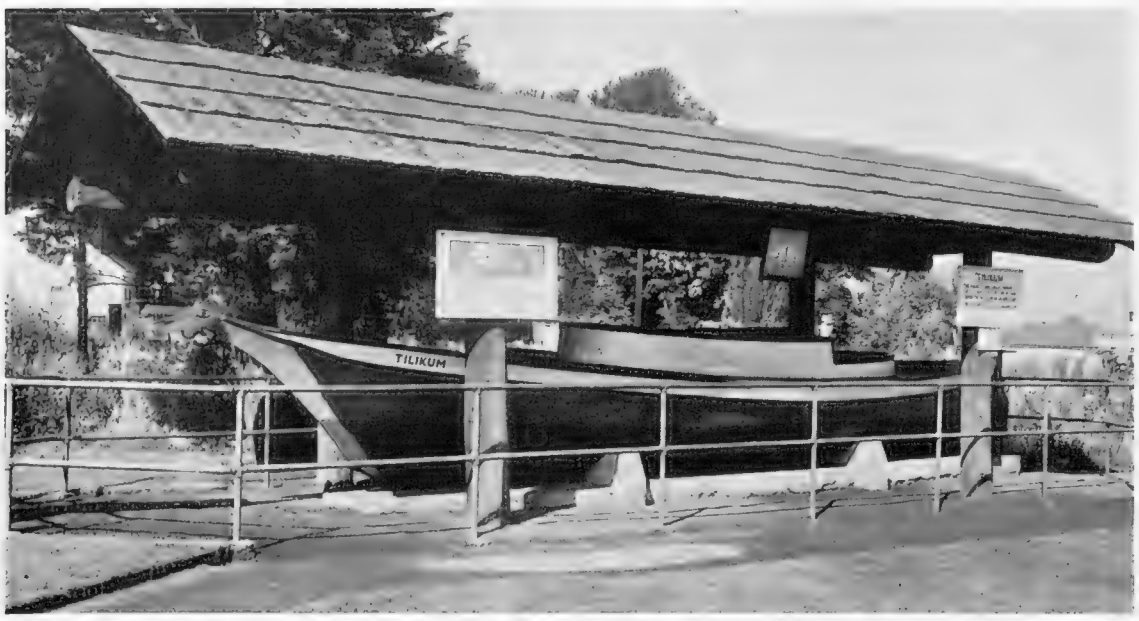
On May 27, 1901, with Norman Luxton as mate, and a pocket-watch as his sole chronometer, Voss put out on the first "leg" of a voyage which was to take him round the world and cover some 40,000 miles. His first port of call was Penrhyn Island, in the South Pacific, which he reached after fifty-eight days at sea, and in the course of which he made his record day's run of 177 miles. From Penrhyn he made for Manakiki and Danger Island, then to Apia, Samoa, and from there to the Fiji Islands, where, at Suva, Luxton left the "ship."

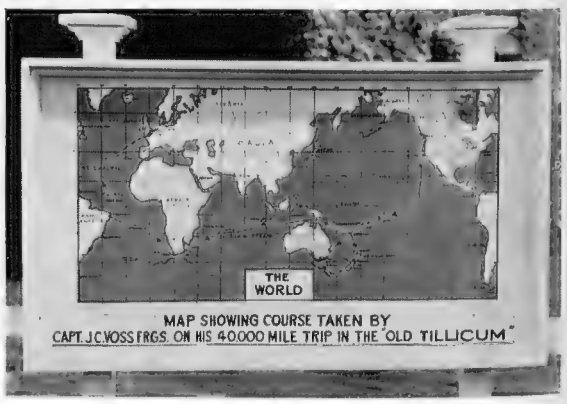
A Tasmanian, Louis Barent, was engaged as mate, but two days later he was washed overboard, and with him went the compass. Nothing daunted, Voss proceeded alone to Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, where he shipped mate No. 3. Sailing on to Tasmania and New Zealand, he touched at the New Hebrides, set off across the Sea of Arafura to Thursday Island, and thence across the Indian Ocean to Rodriguez Island, 700 miles east of Madagascar.

Turning south, he arrived at Durban, where *Tilikum* was transported inland and exhibited at Johannesburg and Pretoria. In the latter city the boat's carved figure-head suffered the indignity of being smashed, not by any legitimate maritime misadventure but by the kick of a horse. From the Cape of Good Hope, Voss proceeded by way of St. Helena to Pernambuco, Brazil.

At Pernambuco he took on mate No. 6, and set sail across the broad Atlantic for England. The new mate was unaccustomed to the sea, and for days was violently sick, but on recovering he developed so enormous an appetite that Voss had to alter course and put into the Azores for supplies. Finally, on September 2, 1904, three years, three months and twelve days out from his home port of Victoria, he rounded the jetty at Margate and dropped anchor. In 1905 *Tilikum* was exhibited at the Navy and Marine Exhibition in London, and thereafter faded from public notice and knowledge. Indeed, it might have gone the way of all outworn things, and rotted to dissolution like many a mightier hulk, had not a kindly agency been at work. British Columbia is a country which, for all its youth and modernity, takes great pride in its past. It treasures its historical links with Britain, and not less does it seek to perpetuate the achievements of its own native sons. Thus, as the story of Voss and his voyage passed into legend, the Victoria and Island Publicity Bureau, inspired by it, began to institute inquiries as to the whereabouts of *Tilikum*. Twenty-five years had then elapsed since it was last heard of, and Victoria is a long way from England. However, William A. McAdam, the Agent-General for the Province in London, set to work and finally discovered the boat lying in the mud of the Thames off Greenwich. She was then owned by two members of the Greenwich Yacht Club. He enlisted their interest and they readily agreed to present her to the Bureau. Through the courtesy of the Furness, Withy Line she was then crated and shipped to Victoria, where she stands to-day—a fitting and honourable end to a great career.

CAPTAIN VOSS'S NARROW DUG-OUT CANOE "TILIKUM" SAILING THE ATLANTIC DURING HER FAMOUS ROUND-THE-WORLD VOYAGE—FROM A PAINTING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON: It was in the spring of 190 in Victoria, British Columbia, that Mr. Luxton, a Canadian journalist, asked Captain J. C. Voss if he could accomplish a voyag round the world in a smaller vessel than the American yawl *Spray* in which Captain Slocum had successfully circumnavigated th globe. Captain Voss decided to make the attempt, and for his purpose he obtained a canoe which he found on the beach near a Indian village on the east coast of Vancouver Island. The canoe was made out of one solid red-cedar log: in other words, she wa a real dug-out as used by Indians. Captain Voss strengthened the *Tilikum* with oak frames fastened with galvanised iron nails, an on the bottom of the keel he fastened 300 lb. of lead. He decked her over, built a 5-by-8-ft. cabin and a cockpit, and rigged he with three small masts and four small fore- and aft-sails. The story of the *Tilikum* and her 40,000-mile voyage is now a legend





MAP SHOWING COURSE TAKEN BY CAPT. J.C.VOSS FRGS. ON HIS 40,000 MILE TRIP IN THE 'OLD TILLICUM'

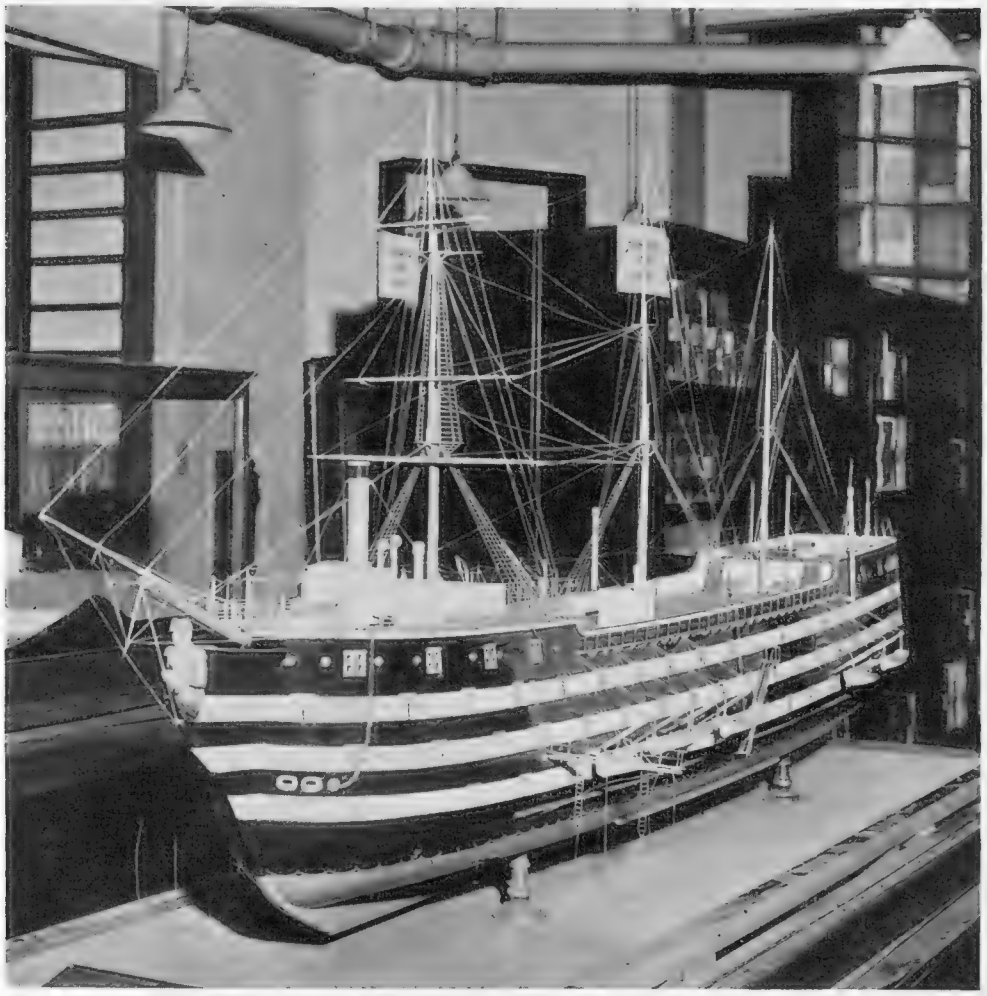
RESTING-PLACE OF THE "TILIKUM" IN THUNDERBIRD PARK, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA: *Left*—**The famous dug-out canoe beneath its sheltering roof, and (*right*) the map which shows the course Voss followed on his world voyage in *Tilikum*. How the vessel was discovered in the Thames and taken to British Columbia is told above.**

QUEEN MARY LENDS AN ART TREASURE TO THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION : At the foot of the big frame holding pictures of Queen Elizabeth I in many different costumes, is the tiny portrait of her done in embroidery, lace and beadwork by Florence Caroline Waller in 1910. The picture belongs to Queen Mary, who has lent it to the "Elizabeth Regina" galleries at the Ideal Home Exhibition. The bodice and crinoline skirt of the picture are of velvet and satin, decorated with pearls, diamonds and rubies. The figure wears a bejewelled crown and carries an orb and sceptre.

CURIOS AND CURIOSITIES

Queen Mary's Embroidered Portrait of Queen Elizabeth I; a Model Chimp and a Model Ship; a Giant Moth in England

A RARE BEAUTY OF THE TROPICS IS HATCHED IN AN ENGLISH HOME : This female Great Brahmin moth, with a 5-in. wing-span, was hatched recently in the home of Claud F. Rivers at Dartford, in Kent. The unusual hobby of breeding specimens like this has made Mr. Rivers well known to collectors, museums and zoos.



THE MODEL OF H.M.S. "WORCESTER" WHICH THE L.C.C. HAS PRESENTED TO THE INCORPORATED THAMES NAUTICAL TRAINING COLLEGE : Last week the 9-ft.-long model was taken down the Thames to the *Worcester* herself, lying off the Thames Nautical Training College, to which she belongs, at Greenhithe, in Kent, by the L.C.C. fire-boat *Massey Shaw*, and was formally handed over to the College authorities. The *Worcester*, formerly called the *Exmouth*, was built in 1904 for the Metropolitan Asylums Board and was used by the Board as a training-ship under the Poor Law. The London County Council inherited it from the Board under the Local Government Act, 1929, and decided in 1941 to conduct the school under the Education Acts as a school of nautical training for resident pupils. In the following March, however, the Ministry of War Transport acquired the vessel under the Defence Regulations and the Council subsequently agreed to accept a sum of £50,000 in settlement of its claim. The Council's school became the London Nautical School, in new premises, while the *Worcester* was used as a depot ship for minesweeping and for submarines under the White Ensign. The vessel was transferred to the Thames Nautical Training College at the end of the war. The model, which is the only one of the ship, has for many years been kept in the L.C.C.'s Record Room at County Hall. It was made by Messrs. Vickers, Son and Maxim, the builders of the *Worcester*.

PETER THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN : Peter, a 2½-year-old chimpanzee, is being reared experimentally in human surroundings to see how he will develop mentally and socially. Here he is playing "going through the tunnel" on his bicycle. Peter shakes hands with visitors, kisses them on the cheek and shows them around the house—a perfect gentleman.

On left—

PLAYING WITH THE LIGHT SWITCHES : Just like a little boy, Peter the chimpanzee loves turning the lights on and off. He has learned that each switch controls different lights, and knows quite well which is which.

AT HOME TO THE MUSE : Young Peter the chimp is much intrigued by the typewriter. His owners have taught him to play his own piano, brush his hair, wipe his face on a towel, and use a cup, plate and spoon at meals.

RACING CARS AT THE MOTOR SHOW

An Interesting Experiment at Earl's Court Next October

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

RACING cars will be included in the Motor Show at Earl's Court next October. The Society of Motor Manufacturers has agreed to admit them as an experiment, and is not restricting these exhibits to members of the Society.

This is good news. It goes a long way towards meeting a suggestion I made last November, that a small section of Earl's Court should be reserved as a "Hall of Honour" or "Victory Corner" for the display of British cars that have performed with outstanding merit during the previous twelve months.

But why has the Society had to be so faint-hearted in adopting the idea? The concession is so hedged round with restrictions that the innovation is likely to fall far short of what many of us had in mind. The new regulations say: "The exhibit shall have been produced since January 1, 1952, be new, or, if used, be displayed in such a condition as to be indistinguishable from new; be the property of the exhibitor and comply with the rules laid down by the Federation International d'Automobile in respect to racing cars."

The display will be of a composite nature and each exhibitor will get an area of between 150 and 200 sq. ft. These regulations would seem to exclude the sports saloon with which Sydney Allard won this year's Monte Carlo Rally—Britain's first win for twenty-one years—and that is a very great pity.

I think the regulations should have made better provision for sports cars, for it is in this field that Britain has done so well since the war. But let 's be thankful for small mercies. This racing car section is going to be so popular that it is certain to be extended in later shows—even if they have to exclude the marine engines!

SOMETHING LIKE A MOTOR-CYCLE!—THE "CHUGGERNAUT" OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD: Mr. J. P. Smith, of Branshaw, Yorkshire, riding a vintage model 4½-h.p. Slinger in the road run from Tattenham Corner to Brighton for motor-cycles of historic interest. This is the sixteenth Pioneer Run organised. Over 220 machines took part, and none was less than thirty-eight years old.

What 's all this about monopolistic practices in the motor industry? Miss Elaine Burton, Socialist M.P. for South Coventry and self-appointed embarrasser-in-chief to the trade centred on her city, has raised the subject in the House of Commons.

She asked the President of the Board of Trade if he would get the Monopolies Commission to investigate the excess profits made by the accessory manufacturers "through monopolistic practices." He said he would consider the matter, and Miss Burton went on to allege that sparking plugs costing 6d. each are being retailed at 5s. to 5s. 6d., and that dealers are making a profit of 82 per cent. on the sale of upper cylinder lubricants.

As a diligent seeker after truth, I asked some of my friends in the motor industry what all this is about. One of them pointed out that it has long been the practice of the people who make things like tyres, electrical equipment and sparking plugs to supply the car manufacturers at a special price.

He admitted that the price is sometimes less than cost, and added: "The difference is regarded as an advertising cost, paid for by the profits on general sales. These special terms enable the car manufacturers to sell their products at a much lower price than would otherwise be the case, and this is a great help to the export trade."

I then got on to one of the biggest suppliers of upper cylinder lubricants. A spokesman said it was true that a dealer apparently made a big profit on every penny squirt of their own product. "It costs him only two-fifths of a penny," he said, "but I think you 'll agree that there 's not a great deal in it if you consider all the handling and running about he has to do for every twopence or threepence he collects."

My friend also explained that his firm supplies this special lubricant in bulk, mainly for use in relatively large quantities in sumps and gear-boxes, and the dealer takes what he wants from these bulk supplies for selling as a petrol additive. "It would be almost impossible to give him a special, separate supply and to charge a different price," he said.

I suppose, really, we should be grateful to people like Miss Burton, who ask seemingly awkward questions. They bring things to light which we should never know about otherwise. And they are not always bad things.

Hand-outs from firms in the motor trade are usually pretty dull documents, full of unpalatable technicalities and singularly lacking in human interest. An exception was the information sheet that reached me the other day from Trico-Folberth Ltd., who make windscreen wipers and things out on the Great West Road.

It told of a visit paid to their factory by the Duchess of Gloucester to see the paraplegic workers employed there. Paraplegia is paralysis of the lower limbs and part or whole of the trunk. Trico-Folberth employ a number of people who are victims of this ailment. There are nineteen of them from the Duchess's hostel at Isleworth, and that was the reason for her visit. These men help to assemble windscreen wipers. They drive to work in special invalid carriages or in cars with converted controls.

Trico-Folberth set a fine example in this matter. In all, they have fifty-nine disabled people on their payroll.

When you remember that a recent Road Research Laboratory investigation showed that inadequate rear lights cause some 3,400 casualties a year—about 9 per cent. of all night casualties—the Report on the Lighting of Vehicles issued by the Standing Joint Committee of the A.A., R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. assumes a special importance.

This report, copies of which have been sent to the Ministry of Transport and vehicle manufacturers, calls for improvements to the rear lighting of most road vehicles. It recommends that cars should be compelled to carry two rear lights and two reflectors to indicate the width of the vehicle, and that the lights should also be visible from the side.

In addition, goods and public service vehicles should carry two additional red lights to indicate height and width, as is customary on the Continent and in the U.S. The committee would also like to see trailers over 9 ft. long carrying white lights at the front and red lights and reflectors at the rear, as on the towing vehicle. These trailers should also have white lights showing sideways at the front and red lights showing sideways at the rear.

The Committee also deals with the question of parking lights. It considers that in lighted streets a single light showing white to the front and red to the rear, fitted to the off-side of the vehicle, is sufficient. This, of course, is the practice followed—quite illegally—by a large number of motorists even now. Some even content themselves with a hurricane lamp which may be plonked down in the road at the side of the car.

An official of the Automobile Association with whom I discussed this problem, said a very high percentage of the night breakdowns dealt with by his organisation were due to battery failures. Now that petrol costs 4s. 3d. a gallon, he thinks that many cars will do a smaller mileage. This means that car batteries will not get charged so efficiently and that breakdowns through lack of electricity will increase in number. It 's a good point in favour of single-lamp parking.

A road test of the Ford Zephyr has left me with no doubt at all that this is one of the best cars that have yet come out of Dagenham. The 2½-litre, six-cylinder overhead-valve engine is extremely lively and flexible and the acceleration is really impressive when you use the gears in the lower speed range.

A STREAMLINED MODEL OF PRE-WAR VINTAGE: Mr. L. V. Fenton, of Hillingdon, on his Wooler motor-cycle (built in 1909) in which he took part in the sixteenth Pioneer Run for motor-cycles of historic interest from Tattenham Corner to Brighton. The engine is a two-stroke surrounded by many unorthodox features. The machine is of unusual length and is very well sprung indeed.

With a top speed of about 80 miles an hour and the ability to cruise without apparent effort at between 65 and 70, the Zephyr is a car that gets you about very quickly when you have little time to spare. For more leisurely work it has equal appeal, for the engine is silent, the suspension comfortable and the steering light and exact.

It is a roomy car and will take six people without much of a squeeze. One of its outstanding features, mechanically, is the "squareness" of the engine, which has a bore measuring more than the stroke. It is a notable example of the reaction of engine designers to their emancipation from the restrictions imposed by the old horse-power tax.

The engine is not the only thing about the Zephyr that is square. The box-like appearance of the new styling takes a bit of getting used to, but there is no doubt at all that the designers have provided generous interior space for a car with a wheelbase of only 8 ft. 8 ins. and a track of 4 ft. 2 ins.

List price of the Zephyr is only £540 10s., but that wretched purchase tax swells the total cost to £842 5s. For a car in this class the petrol consumption of about 25 miles per gallon can be regarded as moderate.

SOMETHING LIKE A MOTOR-CAR!—STIRLING MOSS AT THE WHEEL OF THE B.R.M. ON THE MONZA TRACK LAST MONTH: The B.R.M. has indeed had a chequered career, since first introduced to the racing track, but its vast potentialities in international racing are beyond doubt. In the coming season the car may well prove itself in the eyes of the world.

The *Daily Mail* is the latest of the national newspapers to enter the motor-racing game, and they seem to be on a good thing at Boreham, near Chelmsford, which has been taken over by the newly-formed Motor Racing Company. Thousands of pounds are being spent on making the three-mile track the fastest in the country and on bringing the spectator amenities to a high standard of comfort.

The *Daily Mail* are sponsoring a big Festival of Motor Sport during the August Bank Holiday week-end. It will be the first event of its kind in this country, and with an international car meeting on Saturday, August 2, and an international motor-cycle programme on Bank Holiday Monday, it should draw enormous crowds.

LEAD

LEAD, one of the heaviest of the elements, is found in many parts of the world as galena or sulphide of lead. It is still mined in Northern England and in Wales. Lead was one of the first metals to be worked by Man. The baths of ancient Rome were supplied with water through pipes made of lead, and for centuries it has been used as a roofing material. Soft, easy to shape and resistant to corrosion, lead is still employed for these purposes, but today it has many other important uses. Large quantities alloyed with antimony are now used to make plates for electric accumulators and to protect insulated cables. Soft solder is an alloy of lead and tin, and alloys of copper, tin and lead are used for bearings. Litharge, an oxide of lead, is used in making flint glass, pottery glazes and in the processing of rubber. Red lead, another oxide, and white lead, or lead carbonate are well known in the manufacture of paint. In the chemical industry, plant and equipment for the manufacture and storage of sulphuric acid are lined with lead because of its resistance to corrosion.

I.C.I. makes wrought lead products such as sheet, pipes, tape and wire for a wide variety of purposes. It also makes the compounds, lead-azide and lead-styphnate for the detonators used with blasting explosives in mining and quarrying.

ICI

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

PLEASURE, SURPRISES AND DISILLUSIONS

A Large and Varied Selection of Reading in Some of the Latest Novels and Biographies

THERE is such a rich and varied selection of books this week that I shall try to mention as many as I can adequately manage, so that readers may share the pleasure, the surprises and some of the disillusions that I have had, as well as some of the laughter. First of all, then, there is—or are—BEARS IN CAVIAR (Michael Joseph. 15s.), a very funny and very illuminating book about the experiences of an American diplomat in Russia. Mr. Charles Thayer not only writes with verve, but is modest and amusing as well. He graduated to the American Embassy staff in Moscow from West Point (the military academy comparable with Sandhurst), but did so completely by accident, and his experiences in that post owe less to the highly confidential than to the highly comical. As he himself writes :

" A favourite opening gambit for frustrated Third Secretaries is : '. . . Now, when I was Chargé d'Affaires in Poland . . .' The story usually goes on to describe some hair-raising diplomatic crisis about how the Third Secretary courageously delivered a twelve-hour ultimatum to the King. If you look into the matter further you are likely to find that the reason the Third Secretary was Chargé d'Affaires was that the Ambassador had resigned from boredom, the Counsellor was down with the mumps, the First Secretary had eloped with the office stenographer, and the Second Secretary had gone fishing for the afternoon " Modest perhaps, but funny, too, as you will find when you read this hilarious book for yourselves.

Mr. Henry Baerlein, too, writes with humour, though of more distant and exotic travels even than Mr. Thayer's, since they include forays from his birthplace of Manchester to places as far apart as Tunis and Mexico, Georgia and Copenhagen, Co. Mayo and Prague, and Spain and Sweden. ALL ROADS LEAD TO PEOPLE (Stanley Paul. 21s.) is a fascinating book, if you are not one of those who insist on a meticulous chronology in events or an exact recital of anecdotes. What this excellent book *will* give you is a great deal of food for thought and of cause for laughter, as well as an erratic series of glimpses of the wide world with which he has been familiar.

It takes as trained an eye (though perhaps not the same eye) to appreciate the " ring-posed " photograph of a boxer as one of the later Picassos. Both may appear as odd and even as laughable to the uninitiated, and it needs the eye of an earnest expert to distinguish the fine points of either. In Mr. Nat Fleischer's biography of JOHN L. SULLIVAN—Champion of Champions (Robert Hale. 18s), there are naturally many sporting photographs which, to one who is not a connoisseur in belts and biceps, are apt to induce a glazed look. Nevertheless, to people who not only understand boxing but follow its history these, together with the well-informed text, will be a source of great interest. Mr. Fleischer, incidentally, really is an expert and is known in his native New York as " Mr. Boxing."

Miss Maud Oakes is an American ethnologist who has long been familiar with South American Indians and their lives, and who not long ago, spent two years up in the Guatemalan mountains studying the domestic and religious ways of a tribe of Mayan Indians who retain some of the practices of their distant forebears. BEYOND THE WINDY PLACE (Gollancz. 18s. 6d.) is the account of her journey and her stay, written with more sincerity than style and all the more effective for its lack of pretension.

The courage and ingenuity of man when trying to escape from imprisonment seem to be endless, and Felice Benuzzi's book gives yet another example of it, in spite of its clumsy title. NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA (William Kimber. 15s.) is the story of this Italian prisoner's escape from a British P.O.W. camp near the foot of the mountain and his climbing of it with two companions, before they smuggled themselves back into the camp at the end of their adventure.

A GALLERY OF MINIATURE BOOKS : These volumes are in the collection of Mr. Louis Bondy, a Berlin-born bookseller, who lives near the British Museum in London. Mr. Bondy has in all 1,500 miniature books, 500 of which are below 3 ins. in size. The most famous is a Galileo Galilei printed in Italy in 1897. Its production is said to have driven the printer nearly blind and insane. The book is seen in the centre of this picture standing within a signet ring.

Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis has as odd a subject for his new biography as may well be, for he writes of THE SOUL OF MARSHAL GILLES DE RAIZ with some account of his life and times, his abominable crimes and his expiation (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.). That same man was the comrade-in-arms of Joan of Arc, living from 1404 to 1440, and having the reputation of a very gallant soldier, who fought for the Maid right to Paris. He also had the equally merited reputation for being an infanticide on a vast scale, for which horror he was duly hanged.

THE RISE AND SPLENDOUR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE (Geoffrey Bles. 42s.) shows a different form of erudition, for this scholarly book, with its few but exquisite illustrations, is the work of M. René Grousset of the Academie Française, and is a book of real fascination in its cool, scholarly way. The scope of the book is, of course great, but the writing is admirably to the point in its expression.

Mr. Philip John Stead has translated and edited THE MEMOIRS OF LACENAIRE (Staples. 10s. 6d), a character who was a poet, a burglar, a confidence trickster, a forger, a blackmailer, a gang leader and a murderer He was also a writer of a sort and wrote these autobiographical fragments in the condemned cell. Like other murderers, he had his share of vanity and fatuity, evident on every page, but Mr. Stead has done his best with the material.

Among the novels this week, English, American, Swedish, Italian, Scottish and Jewish, there are a handful that stand out. First of all, ROCK WAGRAM (Faber. 15s.), by Armenian-American Mr. William Saroyan, whose literary style is as individual as it is irritating, except to his most convinced admirers. The present story is about an Armenian-American, living in California, who becomes a film star in a casual and unimpressed sort of way and, almost as indifferently, marries and has two children. In the end, when all these evidences, material and financial, of a successful career have left him, he goes to work in a vineyard, keeping only his car and his sense of humour which prompts him to wink at the sun " for a man *is* nonsense all his life, as he himself knows."

THE PILLAR (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the story of six men, captured at Dunkirk and imprisoned together in a German *oflag*. Mr. David Walker shows us the background of each and then his behaviour in confinement with a meticulous care that is truly Scottish, and which results in a book too painstaking for real inspiration.

Mr. James Dillon White's novel, THE EDGE OF THE FOREST (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), gives a picture of still another aspect of war, and its aftermath. An English officer is in command of a camp of Latvians, Poles, Lithuanians and Hungarians, " displaced persons " waiting apathetically and miserably for freedom. His problem is not only in the running of the camp but in the policing of the outlying German farms, which are being attacked and plundered nightly by gangs raiding from the forest. The story is exciting, for Mr. White knows how to draw suspense tighter and tighter.

MOSES (Macdonald. 15s.) is a vast novel, magnificent in its colour and reverent in spirit, in which Mr. Sholem Asch has attempted a reconstruction of the great epic of the Exodus, and of Moses' call to leadership. As a man of profound learning, the author writes with a very unusual authority, and as a novelist of talent, he has been able to give the biblical scenes another vividness, and a fuller interpretation in many cases. The translation by Mr. Maurice Samuel is excellent.

Mr. Par Lagerkvist, a Nobel Prize winner, has taken for the theme of his new book, BARABBAS (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), and on it has written a short and very moving story in a language so simple that it might be taken as a fine example of *ars celare artem*. The translation by Mr. Alan Blair preserves this quality and puts within our reach a little work of real value

In Italy, THE MILL ON THE PO (Hutchinson. 15s.) is regarded as a national epic, partly for its theme, which is the birth of Italy as a unified nation, and partly for the compassionate and sanely tolerant nature of Riccardo Bacchelli's writing The first part of the book covers the period of 1812 to 1848, with the city of Ferrara governed as a Papal State with Austrian troops in the fortress, and the second part carries the action from 1848 to 1872 and the early years of the United Kingdom of Italy. This wide sweep of political and national changes is reflected throughout in the small fortunes of the family of a river miller, whose mill is anchored close to the shores of the Po and who are affected by the wars and revolutions that swirl round them, as much as by their personal problems of making a living, loving and surviving It is a tremendous book, and deserves the most attentive reading The translation, which is first-rate, is by Frances Frenaye

REPORTS FROM ASIA

Cutforth in Korea, and Bate on Formosa

Rene Cutforth is a war correspondent of the new school, a dashing sort of correspondent who prefers to write of people rather than of battles, and who looks upon the beastliness of war with the eye of a humanitarian. In KOREAN REPORTER (Allan Wingate. 13s. 6d.) he has told the story of his sojourn in that grim Korean peninsula as the tide of war flowed southwards from the Yalu, then northwards again to the 38th Parallel, finally giving place to the stagnation of the Kaesong peace talks. With the Allied troops Mr. Cutforth shared the savage vicissitudes of campaigning in weather that was so cold that it hurt, and behind the lines he saw something of the unspeakable squalor of such refugee towns as Taegu and Pusan. Mr. Cutforth writes with some scorn of the military briefings which were almost his daily lot as a correspondent, often the work of some immaculate staff officer who had at his command all the jargon of the military Press conference, making airy references to " limited gains " and " tactical retreats " and all the mumbo-jumbo by which the minimum of information is contained in the maximum of space. There is one deeply dramatic chapter in the book, and that concerns the heroic stand of the Gloucesters upon the Imjin River, possibly one of the greatest delaying actions in military history.

Mr. Cutforth says that the Brigade sustained more than 1,000 casualties in this battle, but it is now known that three Chinese Divisions were flung against it during the three hectic days of battle, and that the Chinese Army time-table was so badly disorganised by the Gloucesters' stand that the idea of taking Seoul " as a May Day present for the Kremlin " had to be abandoned. Perhaps it was a turning-point in history. Mr. Cutforth sums up by saying : " The easy conquest of the civilised world by millions of expendable Asians had turned out to be a futile dream."

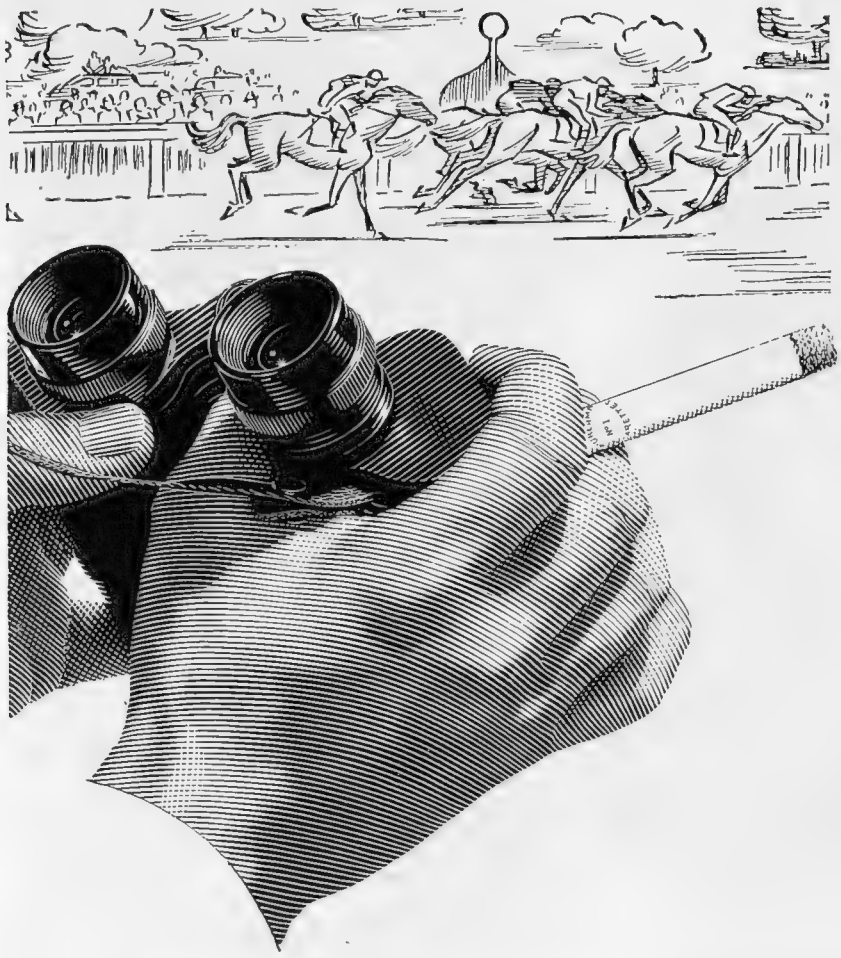
From one piece of reporting let us turn to another, from embattled Korea to encircled Formosa, from the battleground of Communism to the last bastion of Chinese nationalism. In REPORT FROM FORMOSA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), H. Maclear Bate, who knows Chiang Kai-shek intimately and evidently admires him, outlines the story of Formosa and attempts to assess its place in the tangled skein of affairs in the Asian world. His conclusions are interesting, but may not win wide acceptance, for Mr. Bate seems very sure that the initiative has shifted from Peking and that the future of the Far East may well be decided in Taipeh and Tokyo. In fact, the author seems to foresee a kind of Taipeh-Tokyo axis.

Michael Malim, who paid a visit to Mauritius after the war, has written an excellent account of his stay in ISLAND OF THE SWAN (Longmans. 16s.). The curious superstitions and customs, the complicated racial problems, and the bizarre day-to-day life are all presented by a shrewd observer who writes in a most engaging manner.

Gordon Cooper, who writes for THE SPHERE with such skill and knowledge on travel matters, is the author of two new volumes which pay particular attention to the problem of journeying cheaply and well in these days of limited travel allowance. The first of them is YOUR HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND and the second YOUR HOLIDAY IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (both published by Alvin Redman at 9s. 6d.). The popularity of Spain as a holiday country has grown markedly in recent years, perhaps in part because the peninsula offers one the most inexpensive holidays to be had anywhere in Europe. Mr. Cooper emphasises that Spanish friendliness is in a class apart and not really easy to define. The visitor in Spain, he says, is welcomed as a friend and not merely as a paying guest. In his book on Switzerland Mr. Cooper is anxious to beguile the would-be traveller from the beaten tourist track, and he has a number of most attractive suggestions to offer the reader.

SPEAKING OF SWITZERLAND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is not a book of travel, but it is essentially a book for the traveller. The author, G. R. de Beer, shows Switzerland's links with nearly every branch of human endeavour, and his own personal love of Switzerland shines through every page.

With the approach of Easter it is most appropriate that THE CATHOLIC SHRINES OF THE HOLY LAND (Cassell. 21s.) should now make its appearance. It is the work of the Very Rev. Paschal Kinsel and the Rev. Leonard Henry and is adorned with 150 original photographs and eight pages in full colour by Alfred Wagg. The book follows the Christian story, beginning at Nazareth, place of the Annunciation and childhood home of Jesus, and the final section deals with Jerusalem, describing the many shrines of that city. The two authors both know the Holy Land intimately. Both are members of the Franciscan Order.



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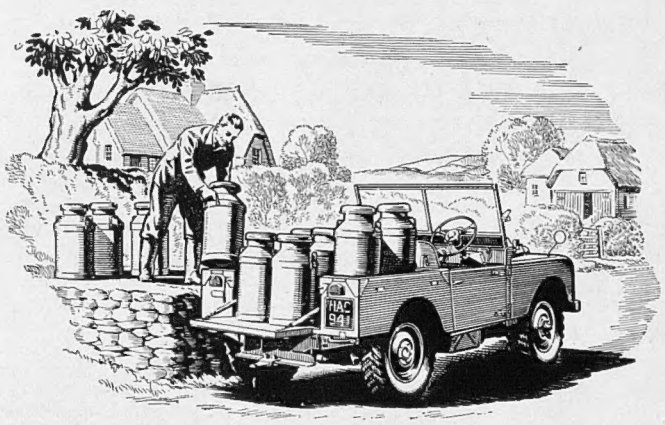

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

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FLORAL decorations, soft furnishings, rich wallpapers, restful illumination, comfortable chairs, fine napery, gleaming silver and crystal glass are all contributory factors to the full enjoyment of a good "table" and "cellar," yet how often have I found gastronomic pleasure marred by dismal and even dingy surrounds.

A reader who does a considerable amount of entertaining, particularly of overseas visitors, has asked me to furnish him with the names of a few hotels and restaurants where he can find that triple alliance of good food, choice wines and the right background.

Of recent weeks I have made mention of several—the cosy, intimate feeling of *The Roebuck* at Wych Cross, on the London-Eastbourne road, and the unsophisticated, Continental atmosphere of Henri Bally's hotel, *White Lodge*, at Blindley Heath, near East Grinstead, to name but two.

Since then, however, my journeyings have taken me in other directions. I should like my enquirer to travel the Barnet By-pass towards Watford, and, leaving Watford on the left, *The Noke Hotel* and Restaurant will be found at the junction where the road forks right to Hatfield and St. Albans. Here is an excellent example of a restaurant where, amidst a wealth of oak panelling, candelabra and shining silver, it is a real pleasure to entertain one's friends to a well-balanced meal, with wines whose bouquet seem to be enhanced by the surroundings. And so, having feasted in style, one can appreciate the more such mellow buildings as St. Albans Abbey and Hatfield House, both in the neighbourhood.

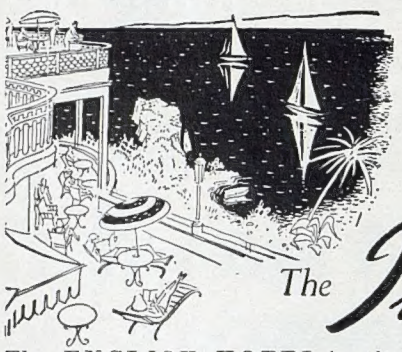
Travelling into Kent, one can experience a similar feeling at Penshurst, where *The Leicester Arms*, which adjoins the grounds of Penshurst Place, teems with character. The polished tables of the dining-room reflect the bright silver and lustrous glass, and here, in truth, it can be said that cleanliness is allied with goodliness.

Along the Bath Road, which leads through Maidenhead, one might well include in this list of hotels offering good food in the right background *The Hind's Head* at Bray, where the set-up is in keeping with its long-established reputation for all that is best in English fare.

There are other places along Thames-side, too, which warrant a mention, as, for example, that lovable inn, *Bel and The Dragon* at Cookham, where old beams, brasses and prints supply the atmosphere for sociablity and good digestion. And, of a fine evening, what could be nicer than to dine in the restaurant of *The Compleat Angler* at Marlow, which has been attractively designed in the style of the Swiss Valais?

Nor must I omit to mention, in closing, that revered old inn, *Ye Olde Bell* at Hurley, and *Chez Peter Restaurant* and Club, a mile outside Henley, where Peter Tiger and his wife offer a rare combination of delightful interior decoration and gastronomic art.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.



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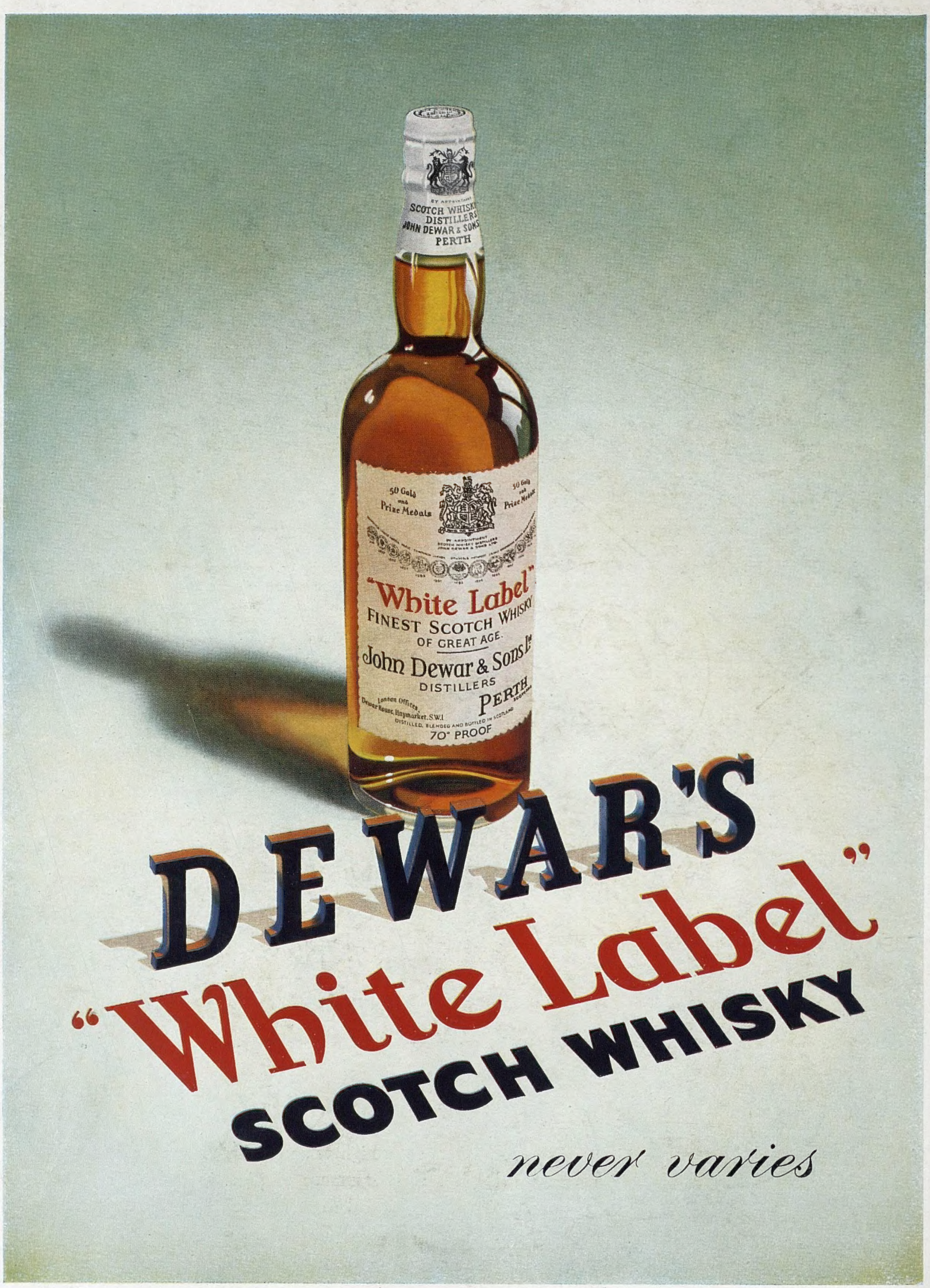

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